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AND

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Sketches of Turkey in 1831 and 1832. By an American. 8vo. pp. 527. London, O. Rich; New York, J. and J. Harper.

AN increased and increasing interest is attached to the Turkish empire, in these our days of change and portent; and we are glad to receive an account of the impressions which a sojourn in that portion of the world has made, not on an English, a French, or a German or Russian traveller, but on an individual from a new country, who, at least, does not see things with the same eyes as any of European vision. If he entertain prejudices—and who is free from them?—they will be of a different kind; and it is from the lights in various and opposite views that we are enabled to ascertain the true character of the picture.

We therefore like the American production before us, which, through the activity of Mr. Rich, has so opportunely reached England at an hour when a fresh revolution at Constantinople is among the political rumours which scantily fill up the news of a barren period, and furnishes a topic for the speculation of the stock-exchange and the club and coffee-room. We are also well pleased with the narrative itself, as it is agreeable without pretension, and lively enough without aiming at point and epigram. It is true, that after the recent numerous and able works we have had on the same subject, the author had it not in his power to communicate any general intelligence to us of much novelty or importance; but he has done all he could, by giving us many lesser particulars, of sufficient attraction to keep the reader alive to his whole journal, and cause us to accompany him in his tour and sight-seeing with a feeling of satisfaction the reverse of fatigue.

The result of his views is favourable to Turkey, its monarch, and people; and far from favourable to Greece and its cause. This is the more curious, because throughout the volume we find every opportunity seized of having a republican fling at kings and royalty, independent of a little slap at England and the English, wherever a bare place can be discovered or supposed. And this we regret; for, as we have ever condemned a similar course on the part of our own writers, so we must think it even less excusable in the native of a land so sensitive of the injustice when committed against itself. Surely it is time that petty jealousies between Great Britain and the United States should cease and be forgotten.

But *verbum sat*, as we used to say in the sixth form at school, when we were obliged to learn something without its being enforced so plainly as this obvious principle has long been by the best and wisest of both nations—men are so much more difficult to teach than boys!

We will not trouble our readers to cross the Atlantic, thread the Grecian Archipelago, land at Tenedos, discuss the Troad, and pass the Dardanelles; but land them at once safely at Constantinople. Only we may remark, that

among a few dogmatical “I says”—a positive tone not unfamiliar to our author—he decides offhand that there never was such a person as Homer, but some four hundred bardings of Scio who made that there Iliad. In more modern matters he gives a hint which people will be more likely to agree, when speaking of the delay so frequently attendant upon the passage of the Dardanelles. He states:

“There is a perpetual current running into the Mediterranean at the rate of from one to four miles the hour, which presents a great obstacle to commerce. As the wind most frequently has the same direction with the current, vessels are detained many days, and even weeks, waiting for a favourable wind. We were informed that an American vessel was compelled to wait here last year a whole month for a fair wind, and an Austrian was still more unlucky, for it was detained fifty-eight days. This was not a very agreeable prospect for us, and we wished most heartily for one of our own steam-boats, to give us a friendly tug through the most difficult part of the passage. Two or three powerful steam-boats would indeed be of great service here, and would amply remunerate their owners. It should, however, be a government concern; and all vessels, upon paying a sum equivalent to light or sound duties, should be entitled to its benefits. The whole distance for which the services of a steam-boat would be required, does not exceed five miles; and this might be easily done by two vessels, which would, at the same time, serve to form a daily line between Constantinople and Smyrna. The distance between these places by water does not much exceed three hundred miles; and this could be accomplished with ease, by vessels built after our Hudson River models, in twenty-four hours.”

But we have gone back from Constantinople to Homer and the Hellespont: let us return.

The following passages, selected from various parts, relate to the reigning sultan, and the improvements he has introduced:

“During the warm months he resides at different times in the various places which are situated on the Bosphorus, and frequently spends his evenings in aquatic excursions like the one we have just noticed. His habits are described as of the simplest kind, and his amusements consist chiefly in riding, fishing, and exercising with the bow. He is said to be the most graceful and fearless rider in his dominions—an accomplishment which may fairly be weighed against those of some of his brother potentates, who are at the head of all the civilisation of Europe—one of whom has been known to kill a wild boar, when securely tied up, at the distance of twenty paces; and the chief merit of another, as awarded to him by his subjects, consisted in making the most perfectly graceful bow of any man in his kingdom. Like all his subjects, the sultan is extremely temperate in eating, and his establishment is far from being on that expensive and magnificent scale which we are accustomed to attribute to oriental courts. I have been assured by an officer of his

household, that the expenses of his table rarely exceed ten piastres, or about fifty cents, a day; and from various anecdotes which I have elsewhere heard, I should not be disposed to believe that his annual expenses exceed those of the President of the United States.”

His military reforms are pleasantly illustrated:

“At a small wooden building, near the water’s edge, where we stopped to take pipes and coffee, we witnessed a scene which, to veterans like ourselves in the New York militia, was extremely diverting. Two soldiers were stationed on guard at this spot, and as their duty was not particularly burdensome, they were quickly kicking their heels over the bank, and endeavouring to inveigle some small fish (smaris), about the size of our killifish, out of the water. They could not, however, be accused of deserting their post, for their muskets were stuck up in the grass some two or three hundred yards off, doing duty for their masters. As the reports are very general that discontents exist among the soldiers, we requested our guide to sound these amateur fishermen on this subject. They acknowledged that they were dissatisfied, but not on account of their pay, which they considered handsome enough—whenever they were so lucky as to obtain it. But what they did grumble at, was to be compelled to mount guard with no other provision than their ration of bread, and they were then endeavouring to supply the deficiency by fishing. Their tour of duty, however, they said, would expire in a few days, and upon their return to barracks they would be perfectly happy, for they would then receive their full ration both of bread and meat. These soldiers must have been luxurious dogs, to complain about the want of meat, for the labouring class, whose toil would seem to require a very substantial fare, are satisfied with one meal a day, consisting of a small loaf of bread, and a piece of water-melon, or a few black and bitter olives. Upon examining the muskets of these soldiers, which they permitted us to do freely, we found them to be of Turkish manufacture. There was little to criticise, except that the stock of one musket was broken directly across, and held together by the extemporary aid of a piece of rope, while the other was perfect in every respect, except that it wanted a trigger. Neither had flints, but, as the country is now in a state of profound peace, these would be quite superfluous. One of the greatest difficulties to be overcome under the new army regulations, was to conquer the aversion of the soldiery to mounting guard. Nothing appeared to them more ridiculous than to be compelled to walk backwards and forwards for several hours with a gun on their shoulders, just like the restless Franks; and what to them appeared to be the climax of absurdity, was, to keep up the same farce during the night. In the good old times of the janisaries, such puerilities as mounting guard were never dreamed of. Indeed, guards could then have been of no earthly use, for all the plun-

derings and murders were monopolised by those cut-throats themselves. The dress of the modern Turkish soldier has partaken of the general change which has occurred within the last ten years; and whatever it may have lost in picturesque effect, it has certainly gained in effectiveness for military duty. Instead of loose slipshod slippers, he now wears stout serviceable shoes, securely fastened by leather strings. The huge balloon *chashkeers*, which impeded his every movement, have given place to woollen trousers, still rather ample about the nether man, but not so large as to prevent him from making a rapid charge upon the enemy, or from running away. The glittering and flowing jubbees and bayneesh are well exchanged for a smart tight-bodied blue jacket, closely hooked in front, and allowing perfect freedom to the limbs; while the turban, infinitely varied in shape and colour, often ragged, and frequently dirty, suggesting the idea of walking toadstools, has for ever disappeared. In its place the soldier sports a tidy red cap, with a blue tassel gracefully depending from its crown. With the exception of the cap, and the still lingering amplitude of the trousers, the Turkish soldiers could scarcely be distinguished from the regulars of any European nation. The topegees, or artillery, wear a cylindrical military cap, and it was the wish of the sultan to have furnished it with a small rim in front, to protect the eye from the glare of the sun. This daring innovation was opposed, and successfully too, by the ulema, that learned corps from whence emanate all the law, physic, and religion of the country. It was argued that no true Mussulman could perform his devotions without touching his forehead to the ground, and the proposed leathern projection would render this impracticable. As no one happened to hit upon the idea that the cap might be turned around while at prayers, the sultan was compelled to give up the point, as he had previously done when it was attempted to induce the ulema themselves to abandon the turban. They replied, that they were not boys, nor would they wear boys' caps, and accordingly stuck manfully to the turban, in despite of the supposed absolute power of the Padir shah. Such anecdotes would lead one to believe that the sultan was far from being a perfect despot, whose word is law, and who takes no other counsel than his own caprice. The learned Ali Bey, himself a Mussulman, and of course better acquainted than we can pretend to be with the interior affairs of this government, wrote in the following manner twenty-five years ago, during the reign of Mustapha, the predecessor of the present sultan:—"There is no greater slave in the world than the grand seignor. His steps, his movements, his words, throughout the whole of the year, and in all the events of his life, are measured and determined by the code of the court. He can do neither more nor less than is prescribed for him. Reduced to the condition of an automaton, his actions are determined like the result of mechanical impulse, by the code, the divan, the ulema, and the janisaries." Circumstances have, however, entirely changed since that period. The sultan now on the throne has displayed a resolution and energy of character totally different from the timid and irresolute policy pursued by his predecessors. The janisaries have been exterminated. The code, the divan, and the ulema, still remain; but the latter occupy, as if ominous of their future destiny, the ancient palace of the agha of the janisaries, and, except upon unimportant points, the sultan has made them understand that he is not to be trifled with.

The divan has likewise undergone some modifications, and, under the name of council of state, assists in determining and arranging the affairs of the empire."

A visit to a Turkish college in the quarter called Hass Keui, throws farther light on this branch of transition,—to which we may, if we can find room, refer hereafter.

In respect to printing, all the establishments for which perished with Sultan Selim, we are told—

"The present monarch has successfully restored and carried into execution, further than the warmest well-wisher to Turkey could have anticipated, all the improvements connected with printing, so much desired by the unfortunate Selim. Works appear now almost daily from the presses of the capital, which would do honour to any city of Europe. Of these I have seen too few to enumerate; but I may be permitted to particularise the work already alluded to, as a text-book in the college at Hasskeni, and a treatise on human anatomy, written by Chani Zadeh, one of the ulema. It is a folio of 300 pages, with fifty-six well-executed plates. It is divided into three parts: the first containing descriptive anatomy, the second physiology, and the third therapeutics. The difficulties presented by the Turkish characters have led many to write the language in the letters used by the Armenians, which form a very simple and elegant alphabet. The great bulk of the Armenians are not acquainted with their own language, but all speak Turkish from their cradle, and are accustomed to read that language, written in their own characters, and this forms what is erroneously called Armeno-Turkish. Almost all the religious tracts hitherto published for distribution among the Turks are printed in this way. I have seen Goldsmith's History of Rome, Young's Night Thoughts, the Sacrifice of Isaac, the Sale of Joseph, the Passion of Christ, and other similar works, translated into Turkish, with Armenian characters. These were chiefly printed at Venice, under the auspices of the Metacharistan Society. It may be added, that few Turks are acquainted with the Armenian characters, and hence the religious Armeno-Turkish tracts are of no use to them. Indeed, it is most probable that they are intended for the Armenians, who have more of a literary turn than the Turks, and who receive and read them with much pleasure."

Among other improvements, we read of a not unimportant one in the manufacture of leather, the previous low condition of which seems at issue with our old notions of the value of Turkey-slippers, saddles, &c. &c.

"We accidentally (says the author) fell in with a Cornish man, who had been imported by the Turkish government to introduce the English mode of tanning and preparing leather. All the leather manufactured in Turkey is of the worst possible kind; and a pair of shoes that will last a month is almost a prodigy. In consequence of this poor quality of the leather, the troops suffered much for want of stout serviceable shoes during the last campaign against the Russians; and thousands are stated to have been put *hors de combat* from this cause alone. To remedy this evil, the sultan has interested himself warmly in improving the quality of the leather, and has adopted a plan the most likely to insure success. It will, however, only be half-done if he stops here; he should also import a score or two of first-rate shoemakers, to give his subjects lessons in the art of making a stout and serviceable shoe—an article not to be obtained at present in all

Turkey. Mr. G. very civilly shewed us through his establishment, and explained the various processes which he proposed to employ. The specimens which he exhibited of sole-leather, already finished, appeared to be of the best quality, and have given great satisfaction to his employers. He mentioned, as a remarkable fact, that he had much difficulty in procuring hides of a suitable quality, or prepared in the proper manner, in Turkey, and that the best were from Odessa, in Russia. Much use will be made of valonia—an article which has not been introduced in tanning more than twenty years. It is the acorn, or more strictly the cup, of an oak (*Q. agilops*), which grows in great abundance in Turkey, and is exported from thence to all parts of Europe. There are two varieties of this valonia: the best is small, and nearly covers the included acorn; it is said to be the first produce of the young oaks. The valonia contains so much tannin that it acts too powerfully by itself upon the leather; and it is therefore ground up, and used in combination with bark. Mr. G. believed that the introduction of valonia into the process of tanning, although it greatly abridged the time and expense of the operation, is injurious to the quality of the leather; and in this way he explained why the leather of England has so much deteriorated of late years from its former high reputation."

Of paper:—"At a short distance from the establishment of Mr. G. we visited the kiat hannay, or paper manufactory, which has also been established by the present sultan. It is a large building, formerly occupied by a Turkish grandee, and at his death it reverted to the crown. It is the practice in Turkey, as our readers are aware, when an officer of the government dies, that all his property is taken by the sultan, who allows the family out of it enough for their maintenance. This remnant of barbarism is attempted to be defended on the ground that all public officers are merely the stewards of the sultan, but its effects, as we shall shew in another place, are very injurious to the country. Fine writing paper was formerly fabricated at this place, but when we visited it they were engaged in manufacturing merely cartridge-paper for the use of the troops. The process appeared to be very rude; the materials are cotton and hemp, and from the specimens we saw, little judgment seems to be exercised in their selection. In the court in front of the building sat the director of the establishment, complacently smoking his pipe under the cool shade of a tree, and evidently too magnificent and dignified a personage to attend to the details of the concern. These very great men, of whom there is always one, and sometimes more, attached to every public establishment in Turkey, are a serious evil. Entirely unacquainted with the business over which they are appointed to preside, they do harm whenever they attempt to intermeddle; but this fortunately is of rare occurrence. In any case, however, they eat the bread of idleness, and consume a great part of the profits of the establishment."

The foregoing extracts will not only convey an idea of the most interesting information furnished by the author, but pretty correctly indicate the truth of some of our introductory remarks respecting his apparent dislike to crowned heads and the English. We will not, at present, however, say more on the subject; but conclude with a few brief and miscellaneous passages.

The state of the American navy is a question of national interest, which has been much dis-

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cessed; and we quote the author's opinion, after he has described a sailing trial in the Mediterranean, between the merchant vessel in which he was, and the Constellation frigate.

"Her commander (he says) was polite enough to accede to our wish of testing her speed with our vessel, and upon a signal we both made sail. The wind blew very fresh, and a heavy sea gave some advantage to our rival; in addition to which, our main-topsail-yard was badly sprung, which made it a matter of some difficulty to carry even a reefed sail. Under these disadvantages we commenced our trial of speed, under the same sail, and close hauled upon a wind. A short half-hour proved our superiority. At the commencement we were lying abreast of her, and to leeward, but had already got her into our wake, and the distance between us was fast increasing. This is not the only occasion upon which I have seen our national vessels beaten by our own merchantmen, and confirms the general impression, that in military naval architecture our progress has been slow, if not retrograde, since the year 1798. It is, we believe, conceded, that with regard to speed, none of our modern war-vessels equal those built at that period, and are confessedly behind those now built in our merchant dock-yards. This will, in all probability, continue to be the case as long as the naval constructors are directed and overruled by those who must necessarily be unacquainted with the first principles of naval architecture, and their duties confined within the narrow limits assigned to the foreman of a yard. Let us hope that time and experience will correct this error, so fatal to our future maritime power."

Again, after eulogising the vast means by which Constantinople is supplied with water, we have the annexed criticism on New York: "The city of New York, with a population of more than 200,000 inhabitants, has been deliberating for years over the question—whether it is expedient to spend two millions of dollars for the purpose of introducing a copious supply of pure and wholesome water." It should seem that London is not the only capital where this natural treasure, and source of cleanliness, comfort, and health, is sadly neglected.

We come to some bits of natural history. The shepherds about the forest of Belgrade "are chiefly Bulgarians; a simple-hearted and virtuous, but ignorant race, who occupy the lowest stations in Turkey. They are meanly dressed, and are easily recognised by their black sheepskin caps. The sound of a pipe attracted our attention; and, upon examining the instrument, we found it to be a rude sort of double-flageolet, with six holes, and another near the end which served as a drone. It is not a mere idle instrument to relieve the idle hours of the shepherd, but serves as a help to regulate or restrain the motions of the flock. Of this the shepherd convinced me by playing several notes, which appeared to be immediately understood and obeyed by his flock."

At Dolmabatchi, near Constantinople, "The house was pointed out to me where a large and fierce breed of mastiffs are still maintained as a matter of state, although the sports are now discontinued. They are, indeed, exceedingly furious in their appearance, and more resemble wild, untamed beasts, than the humble and affectionate companion of man. So great is their strength that they have been known to break a man's leg at a single blow. When taken out for exercise they are secured by iron chains; and it requires the aid of two men, one on each side, to restrain a single dog within due bounds."

The following is a secret worth knowing:—

"In rough weather they (the fishermen of the Bosphorus) spread a few drops of oil on the surface, which permits them to see clearly to a great depth. I was aware that oil would calm the surface of the sea; but until recently I did not know that it rendered objects more distinct beneath the surface. A trinket of some value had been dropped out of one of the upper windows of our palace into the Bosphorus, which at this place was ten or twelve feet deep. It was so small that dragging for it would have been perfectly fruitless; and it was accordingly given up for lost, when one of the servants proposed to drop a little oil on the surface. This was acceded to, with, however, but faint hopes of success. To our astonishment, the trinket immediately appeared in sight, and was eventually recovered."

The effect is, indeed, very remarkable: we remember being informed by the captain of a vessel laden with oil, and which unluckily went down in many fathoms of deep water, that, in consequence of the surface of the sea being covered from the cargo, he, and the crew in the boat, saw the ship so distinctly beneath them, and apparently so close, that they all imagined they could touch her with their hands. A knowledge of this may be applied, as in the case of the trinket, to useful purposes. Our next quotation is curiously illustrative of Turkish religious notions:—

"The enthusiasm of the Greeks has infected the sober Turks themselves; for although they abhor the Greeks and their religion, yet they admit their saints to have been great and good men, and consequently suppose their intercession to be valuable in the other world. We heard, the other day, a laughable illustration of this superstition, if, indeed, there can be any thing laughable in such gross and humiliating ignorance. It is the custom among the Greek fishermen, on the anniversary of a certain saint (I believe St. Demetri), to form a procession, walk into the water, and perform many unmeaning mummeries, to propitiate his saintship, and implore his aid and blessing for luck during the ensuing year. When the revolution broke out in Greece, the Greek inhabitants of the capital and its vicinity naturally abstained from all public exhibitions, and this particular ceremony was of course omitted. It so happened, however, that the fishery was extremely unproductive during the ensuing season, and the Turkish fishermen were as unfortunate as the Greeks. They attributed it to the neglect, on the part of the Greeks, to propitiate their patron-saint, and at the next anniversary actually compelled them to resume their customary processions, and St. Demetri received on that occasion the prayers of many a pious Turkish fisherman."

Export of Rum from America.—"From information upon which I can rely, it appears that in six months alone of the year 1830, there were shipped from the United States to Turkey twelve million gallons of rum. There is reason, however, to believe that this was an unusual quantity, owing to peculiar circumstances; but still the annual supply is very great. To the honour of the Turks we should state, that little of this is consumed in their own country. It is intended for the Black Sea, where it is distributed over Georgia, Armenia, and Persia. In these countries we regret to add that 'Boston particular' is much relished, notwithstanding the praiseworthy efforts of our pious and zealous missionaries."

A whimsical Etymology.—"Every one knows the change from Constantinople to Stamboul,

through *eis tyn polin* and from Cos to Stanco, through *eis tyn kos*; but we suspect the derivation of Negropont from Euboea is not so familiar to our readers. Its first change from Euboea was Euripus, or, as it is pronounced by the modern Greeks, Evripus, whence comes *eis tyn Evgros*, by contraction *Naieros*, corrupted into *Nygeros*, which has been finally Italianised into Negropont."

Anecdote of Byron and Lemnos.—"This island, and its connexion with the accident of Vulcan, remind us of an anecdote of Byron, which we hold from a gentleman in whose presence it occurred, and which illustrates, in a striking degree, how continually his thoughts dwelt upon the trifling deformity in one of his feet. The person alluded to mentioned, that in America there was a current report that his lordship had gone to Greece, and had selected Lemnos for his residence. 'It was no doubt intended as a sneer at my misfortune,' replied Byron, and immediately changed the conversation."

On the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus is a lofty mountain and landmark, called the Giant's Cave, which our traveller visited, and of which he gives the following account:

"Our coffee was served up by a stout, ferocious-looking dervish, whose high conical white hat was not the least grotesque part of his dress. His bare legs were swelled up to a frightful size by some disease analogous to elephantiasis, doubtless the effect of intemperance. These dervises correspond in some measure to the monks of Catholic countries, except that they do not take the vow of celibacy. Like their European brethren, they have in general but ragged reputations, with the exception here and there of one of superior sanctity, who is much caressed and idolised by the old ladies of both sexes. Upon expressing a wish to see the grave, which was the chief object of our visit, the dervise unlocked a door behind the chapel, and with sundry mysterious signs and gesticulations invited us to enter. The enclosure is about sixty feet by thirty, and is surrounded by a high stone wall. Occupying the greatest part of this enclosure is a flower-bed fifty feet in length, with a turbaned stone at each end, and this is generally believed to be the grave of a giant. A narrow path permitted us to walk entirely round the raised central part, and to marvel at the size of this wonderful saint."

"Our filthy friend the dervise had the kindness to enlighten our ignorance on the subject of the huge man-monster whose remains are supposed to have mouldered beneath this spot. His name was Hooshah, or Yooshah, corresponding to Joshua or Jesus. He was a nephew of Moses, or, in other words, a son of Aaron, a mighty prophet, and second only to Mohammed himself, for all prayers or supplications passed through him directly to the Deity. The dervise further instructed us that a part only, namely the head and shoulders, of the prophet reposed here; but with all the discretion of a person who is in possession of an important secret, he evaded our inquiries as to what disposition had been made of the remainder of the prophet's body. A favourite recreation of this prophet was to sit down on this mountain and wash his feet in the Bosphorus, which flows at its base a mile distant. Another of his amusements was to sit down in the Bosphorus, block up the water from the Euxine with his back, and when it had reached up to his shoulders he would suddenly jump up, and the now freed waters would produce sad deluges, which modern geologists have thought proper to attribute to volcanic agencies. From the appear-

ance of a mortise in the marble at one end of the grave, one of our companions suggested that a cross may have once been erected here, and that in fact the Turks have only taken at second hand a pseudo Christian superstition. In point of fact, however, the origin of this monstrous fable goes back to a more remote period than the Turkish, or even Greek empire, and is simply a pagan idolatry under a new name. The earliest, and of course the most authentic accounts, make it to be the grave of Amycus, a sachem or king of Bithynia, who was in the habit of levying a toll upon every canoe which passed up the Bosphorus; and being a man of great personal prowess, he was enabled to enforce his demands, like one of Homer's heroes, with his ponderous fists. He met finally with his death in a boxing-match with one of the lucida sidera of those days, the celebrated Pollux. The whole story is detailed at length in the Argonautica of Apollonius, and is one of those amusing and instructive incidents which are so requisite to be learned by the finished scholar. Other authorities, among whom we may mention Dionysius of Byzantium, a familiar author to most of our readers, has given another version of the story. Honest Dionysius solemnly avers that this spot is the true and genuine bed of Hercules. 'Herculis KAINH hoc est lectus.'

Next wood-cuts illustrate the text; to which we pursue reverting in our next *Gazette*.

Nurse M'Vourneen's Story. 18mo. pp. 33. Dublin, 1833, Tims; Simpkin and Marshall, and Hatchard and Son, London; Waugh and Innes, Edinburgh.

A TOUCHING and beautiful little story, which we cannot commend too much as a model of nature and simplicity. It has struck us the more from our being exceedingly tired of the morbid exaggeration which has now become the commonplace for pathos and effect. All that good taste previously avoided has overrun the realm of fiction and didactic literature. Every symptom and pang of a deathbed—every contortion and agony of a murder—every filthy and disgusting blot upon the fair page of humanity, must be minutely detailed in order to excite our sympathies. Not so our worthy Nurse M'Vourneen, who thus opens her unadorned and affecting narrative.

"Nothing was ever so surprising to me, through the whole of my days, as the little I see of a tenderness of feeling in human kind, one to the other. And, after all, one would think it was quite easy and natural to the heart to wish to make one's fellow creature happy, no matter whether it was a Christian, or the dumb brute that eats grass—aye, supposing it was an ugly black croke, or a terrible frog, that one would screech at, and run a hundred miles from. If people would only consider that they never have a welcome for the smallest cross or trouble that walks into their own house, even when it comes at his bidding, who knows best, but are glad to get shut of it the minute they can—I say, if they would only consider all this, and reason cases with themselves, they might take a thought, and not out of mere willfulness put any of it on others, who have as great a misliking for it as themselves? And why wouldn't they? And why wouldn't there be justice for the weak as well as the strong? And why should the heart be made sore by them that can feel one beating in their own breasts; considering always, that there is no cure for it, as far as I could ever hear, when one of God's creatures gives the sting to another? But it is a folly

for the like of me to be finding fault with what is far above my capability to mend, only I can't help thinking how odd it is that unnaturalness can run away with people as it does; and I wish that some I once knew would have been let live and die, just depending on the will of the great God for any sorrow he might see good to send, if the like was in store for them; and that their own flesh and blood had not hunted out bitterness for them, and made their bed so hard and uncomfortable, that they who loved them, and had a right to love them, could not help welcoming the cold grave as a happy lie-down for them."

She then tells her tale, of a happy couple, an only child, and a second marriage; which is altogether so like truth, and so well told, that we advise those parents who approve of our opinions to make a family-book of this very slight but interesting production; and our writers to study it as an admirable hint towards the correction of the prevailing fault in compositions to which we have alluded.

Mothers and Sons. By the Author of "Hyacinth O'Gara," &c. 12mo. pp. 297. Same publishers.

A LARGER work by the same able hand, which draws a heart-rending picture of the state of Ireland, with its resistance to cess, and tithes, and rent—its discontent and turbulence—its secret associations—and its midnight, and what is worse, its mid-day murders, which the gist of the tale mainly attributes to the influence of the Romish religion and priesthood. Into this question in any form, however, we would not enter; and far less are we disposed to do so in criticising a work of fiction, though possibly it may look for its materials to things actually existing. Like the rest of the world, we can only express our wonder at the never-ending troubles, and consequent sorrows, of this unhappy country; and lament that what Providence has made so fair, should be so utterly blasted by the madness of its people, all the prodigal gifts of nature wasted, and the plentiful sources of happiness and blessings turned into bitterness and gall.

Abstaining from any opinion on its political bias, which is strongly Protestant, and in favour of the established church, we must say, that this is a powerfully written and deeply tragic volume. Even if highly coloured, it is too characteristic not to afford abundant grounds for reflection and regret: would that it might produce a good effect in Ireland! but we fear that it shocks the opponents of the system it is meant to support too severely to be likely to do more than add oil to the flame which already consumes its peace and prosperity, and renders it an opprobrium to civilised Europe. We will merely copy two or three insulated parts to shew the nature of the author's principles, and his mode of impressing them. The following is a graphic description of a maternal letter, the lady being desirous of securing a fat church preferment for the lover of her daughter, whose conscientious scruples forbade his acceptance of the boon. He had written for a decisive answer, and—

"The lady was extremely puzzled to know how to act on such an unexpected failure of all her best digested plans; and could only muster sufficient resolution to avoid any precipitate measure, on either side, till she had duly weighed every circumstance with all its probabilities, probabilities, and possibilities. At all events Dromarran was not yet vacant; and it was worth waiting to see if his ridiculous scruples might not give way before the temp-

tation of six hundred a-year, absolutely begging to walk into his pocket. She therefore answered by a long and sentimental essay on various subjects. She talked of feelings in general, and of her own feelings in particular. Then, of dear Anne's feelings, and Mr. Staunton's feelings, which, we must advertise our readers, had never been heard of or suspected before. She next made a long digression in admiration of Mrs. Tudor's disinterestedness, and other polysyllables; then devoted a page to filial duty, another to maternal tenderness, preached a little on being 'righteous overmuch,' again resumed the subject of feelings, and concluded by requesting him not to insist upon an answer from dear Anne at the present, whose feelings, like her own, when excited were intense, even to agony; and also requesting him to absent himself from Staunton Grove for a few weeks until the feelings of all the family had subsided into their usual channel. This unmeaning rhapsody, which at any other time would have appeared in its true light of downright nonsense to Richard Woodhouse, was on the present occasion regarded by him in a very different light. Having got something like a reprieve, instead of the death-warrant which he expected, he was too happy to think of criticising the terms in which it was conveyed."

We have next a group of the tenantry of Lord Rothallan—a liberal, a patriot, and a decided enemy to the church, which "recommended him to the favour of the priests; consequently, the people were taught to regard him as a staunch friend to Ireland—as one of their stoutest champions, who was always at his post in the House of Lords, to speak in their favour and watch over their interests, and hinder them from being oppressed by their enemies. Individual grievances were thus overlooked, or forgotten in the admiration of his exertions for the general good; and the palpable variance between his sayings and doings seemed never to have raised a suspicion of his insincerity. He was certainly loud in his complaints and vehement in his protests against the injuries inflicted on Ireland, but he did nothing to remedy them in the management of his own property. On the contrary, he pursued the same system with those who professed no interest in the people farther than as they were the means of supplying them with money. To give one instance, out of half a hundred:—Many of his most respectable tenants were, as leases dropped, reduced to poverty, by the endless subdivision of their farms to increase the number of forty-shilling freeholders; and on the passing of the relief-bill, when these were suddenly discovered to be a nuisance, they were, as opportunity offered, turned out of their miserable holdings, and permitted to seek their fortunes wherever fancy might direct them. But, to counterbalance such errors in judgment, from which even patriots are not always free, he had subscribed to the building or repairing of Popish chapels, discountenanced scriptural education, eulogised the priests, abused the lazy and luxurious drones of the established church, and dealt out his promises unsparingly of wonders that, at some period or other, were to be achieved either for the people or by the people, which would bring lasting peace and prosperity to Ireland. A few demurrers, among whom Winny Garland was the loudest and the most incredulous, ventured, at times, to doubt that these promises would ever be fulfilled; but still the general opinion was in his favour, unshaken by disappointment and untaught by

experience. In this respect the Rathallan tenantry are a very fair sample of the lower order of Irish, in the main. They are justly acknowledged to possess intelligence, and shrewdness, and wit, and talent; and we, moreover, can vouch that they have a quick sense of self-interest, and cannot be easily overreached in any of the every-day transactions between man and man; and yet, after all, there is a peculiarity in the structure of their minds, which, in a great measure, neutralises all these advantages. We have in vain puzzled ourselves to find a word by which to describe this quality, or the absence of a quality. Credulity comes nearest to our idea, but it will not mean all we wish to express; we are, therefore, obliged to coin a word, and to designate this national characteristic by the term duphishness. To trust implicitly, where one trusts at all, is the impulse of a generous mind; and though its confidence might, in all probability, be often abused, still we would prefer it, as a national trait, to the calculating suspicion which would banish confidence from human intercourse. But the Irish carry this laudable feeling to an excess which degenerates into something like infatuation; for no failure of execution, no violation of promise, no desertion of principle, no exhibition of selfishness—nothing short of barefaced treachery, will induce them to withdraw their confidence, provided the object who has gained it still unblushingly vindicates his integrity or his disinterestedness, declares his willingness to sacrifice himself on the altars of his country, or appeals to their sympathy for unknown sufferings, and privations, and losses endured in their cause; and even if the idol of to-day be, by any accident, displaced, the pedestal is not long vacant. Ireland produces an inexhaustible supply of such commodities, for which the demand is always brisk; and the new comer has only to play the same fantastic tricks, repeat the same phrases, bewail the same grievances, denounce the same enemies, and promise the same wonders, which all his predecessors have played, repeated, bewailed, denounced, and promised, from time immemorial; and in return he is worshipped with the same ardent devotion, and trusted with the same confiding steadfastness. In fact, they are a nation of dupes—the willing, ready-made dupes of every bankrupt in fortune or character who has skill to turn their credulity to his own private gain. They can live upon promises; and provided they are plied with them in proportion to their desires, they seldom require any thing more substantial. A glittering shadow flitting before them in dim futurity will easily induce them to forego some present good; and though disappointed over and over again, they return to the pursuit under a fresh leader, undismayed by difficulties and undaunted by former failures.

The landlord's prejudices could not long escape the penetration of that order always on the watch to improve the mistakes of men in power to their own advantage. The priests either gave pretty broad hints or spoke boldly out, according to the commands of their superiors or their own hostile feeling. A system of exclusive dealing was, as a preliminary measure, vigorously enforced; and by degrees persecution of every kind—literal, downright persecution, sometimes even unto blood, against which there was no protection—was unremittingly carried on. In this extremity, the Protestants naturally turned their eyes to distant settlements, and numbers determined on emigration. In former years an adventurous

person, or a family unprovided with the means of support at home, had crossed the Atlantic in search of better fortune; but early in this spring one hundred and thirty-five individuals from the parish of Rathallan, young and old—many of them most respectable yeomen, with large families, whose ancestors had maintained their ground through all the disturbances of this proverbially disturbed country, and had often jeopardised their lives in defence of their landlords—prepared to undergo all the exaggerated dangers of a long sea-voyage, and all the certain hardships and privations attending Canadian settlers, as a happy exchange for the worse evils awaiting them at home. Nor was the spirit of emigration confined to the Rathallan estate: it extended over a large district belonging to proprietors differing, it might be, in religion or politics, but all agreeing in the one system of discouraging a Protestant tenantry. Yet some of these gentlemen bewailed the loss of so many loyal subjects as a public calamity, and execrated the men and measures which led to so lamentable a result;—but they did nothing else. No man, however sentimental his lamentations or gloomy his forebodings, was found willing to sacrifice a few hundreds, or even a few pounds in the year, to induce those on whom they could rely in the hour of danger to remain and cultivate his lands. The undiminished sum of the rent-roll was paramount to every other consideration. They were allowed to take their departure, with the bitter feeling of undeserved neglect, and leave their habitations to be occupied, for the most part, by those whose many excellent qualities are easily converted into engines of mischief, under the unholy influence of men to whom promises are as the idle wind, and on whom the solemn obligations of an oath has as little hold as the green withes upon the arms of the Hebrew champion. It must be confessed that there were a few restless spirits who would have been discontented in any situation, and who, from the mere love of change, would have rejected every offer of accommodation, if made; and their example was cited as an excuse for not using efforts towards inducing the stay of others. But in most instances a very small abatement of rent, or the adjourned visit of the driver, or the addition of a few acres to a worn-out farmer, or even the promise of protection, was all that was necessary to encourage them to bear their present inconveniences with the hope that better days might yet dawn, even upon poor Ireland."

We shall only add, that most of the characters are strikingly drawn: Demmy, a serving-girl, very original; Lady Rathallan, a divorced wife, replete with affecting traits, and the death of her first-born powerfully pathetic.

The Etheringtons. 12mo. pp. 143. London, 1833. Wightman.

THIS week is productive of Irish tales: this is another, done in London, and of a strong religious tendency. It is the story of a young man misled from his virtuous tendencies by a too secure reliance on himself; and though more in the usual line than the foregoing, is not without effect and interest.

Songs of the Press and other Poems, relative to the Art of Printing. Original and Selected. 12mo. pp. 120. London, 1833, Simpkin and Marshall; Nottingham, Kirk.

A COLLECTION of songs, &c. chiefly written by "men of letters," containing a good deal about "the liberty of the press," which is sufficiently displayed in the liberty here taken

of exposing the members of the craft. The editor (Mr. C. H. Timperley, a compositor, and author of several respectable pieces in the collection,) says, in his preface, "the work is intended for circulation chiefly amongst the profession; and, as many journeyman printers, from the nature of their business, may be critics of no ordinary acumen, it is hoped they cannot but judge favourably of those pieces that have been written by brother types."

This looks like a self-paid compliment to the work—for that must be a truly great production of which "critics of no ordinary acumen cannot but speak favourably." But, without saying any thing about the acumen, it is true that *all* printers are critics—that is, the compositors; for the pressman is a being of a distinct caste—a sensible man, who confines his criticism to the "frothy productions" of Whitbread, Calvert, and others—indeed, he may be called the true sup-porter of the press. But the compositors, as before stated, are all critics; and he is a rare and fortunate writer who entirely pleases them. It is common for authors to deem themselves safe from condemnation till they come before the vile reviewers; but many a luckless wight is unhesitatingly d-d by the types before his book is out of their hands—and especially if he write a miserable scrawl, which is too commonly the case.

The present volume contains many amusing pieces, and a few of a somewhat higher order; but much of the humour of the comic attempts will, of course, be best appreciated by printers. Those, however, who feel curious about the secrets of the printing-house, may, with the aid of a list of technicalities at the end of the book, be somewhat gratified by reading these Songs; but we must add, that the woodcut to the "Foul Proof" conveys a very poor idea of a composing-room—the men look more like a set of shoemakers than modern compositors; and we doubt if there are as many pairs of unmentionables to be found in the whole business.

Most of the pieces have appeared before, though perhaps few of the readers of the *Lit. Gaz.* have met with them. Of the more serious portion, we like the "Corn-Law Rhymes" productions, which display the writer's usual excited feeling and strong energy.

As a "professional" quotation, we give the "Hot Letter Evils," to which we have supplied a few explanatory notes. We will just preface the extract by explaining that the types, when a sheet is printed off, are separated again into single letters, which is called *distributing*, and which is always done while they are wet. To dry them speedily, if there be an opportunity, they are placed before a fire; and the following lines allude to the danger of incautiously "composing" them again while warm, when the poisonous materials used in casting the types sometimes affect the hands so much as to render them totally useless. We are sorry to say that we know of several unfortunate sufferers from this cause, who are principally supported by their fellow-workmen and the funds of the Printers' Pension Society.

"Hot Letter Evils. From 'The Composing Room.'
By a Compositor.

And now behold a sight, which here appears
As seldom as a file of grenadiers—
A Chelsea pensioner (a Typo bred)
Sports in Composing Room his blue and red—
Three corner'd hat, with modest black cockade,
And narrow gold lace on its edges laid.
Poor F—! I knew him well in years gone by;
None brisker at a *finish* or a *fly*; (1)

(1) Spree.

Frolic and fun with him were hand and glove:
Care flew before them, fearful of a shove;
Alas! where *not* 's the vigour then discern'd?
Our former type is to a shadow turn'd;
Though to short sights he may seem vig'rous, able,
And not a little fierce and formidable.
So, from red embers, in a common grate,
Fancy may strike images create;
But near inspection will not be decoy'd:
Their gas is gone, their stamina's destroy'd!
He tottles to the office, not to work—
He can compose no more than the Grand Turk;
But converse wakes the old man's torpid mind,
Brings forward scenes which long had hung behind,
Gives energetic action to his brain,
And makes him, for a moment, *live again*.
The old campaigner tells of duties done,
Privations suffer'd, and engagements won;
How hen-roosts suffer'd, and the quick decrease
Of sheep and gruntings, turkeys, ducks, and geese,
When foragers, detach'd from his brigade,
Purveying visits to the farm-yards paid.
Return'd—when war to peace again gave place—
How he resum'd composing-stick (2) and case; (3)
Work'd for this master-printer, or for that;
But never felt encumber'd with his fat, (4)
'Till on one winter's day our martial friend,
(And let all tyros to this fact attend),
Whether in field or in the office, bold—
In spite of aching fingers, wet, and cold,
Distributes of old pica a full case,
And longs the letter to compose and *spice*.
With cautious steps, and bending with its weight,
He bears th' *erlowning* case towards the grate,
And—ignorant misfortune was so nigh—
Leaves it before a rousing fire to dry.

Now to his *stick* the *turn-screw* he applies,
And makes the *measure* (5) to the proper size;
The four-to-pica *lead* (6) from draw'r brings forth,
And tries to guess how much the job is worth;
Looks o'er his *copy*, under *jigger* (7) lays it,
Where 't seems, like tombstone, to exclaim—'Hic jacet.'
Forthwith to rub his hands, his sides to beat,
He labours to produce increase of heat;
Then first he thought 'To set (8) my letter hot
Is a most famous and important plot
Against th' united pow'r of Cold and Frost;
Nor shall this opportunity be lost.'
O, thou unfort'nate, *soft*, misguided youth!
Would that this thought had leapt into thy mouth,
Then, in loud accents, vigorously sprung
Amongst thy fellow-workmen, from thy tongue!
Appri'd of such intention, scarce a lad
But would have shouted—'Do it not! 'tis bad!'
But Fate forbade F— to disclose his aim;
And no one noticed him—when forth he came
To bear the 'hot-baked' letter to his frame—(9)
Impetuous, reckless, injudicious man!
Would thou hadst seen the danger of the plan!
Then wouldst thou ne'er have mourn'd this rash
exploit—
This want of knowledge—this contempt of thought.

Now heat intense—approaching to a flame—
Thus rapidly approaching to his frame,
Wet quads (10) on bulk begin to smoke and hiss,
In *petit imitation* (not amiss)
Of carman's whirr or a serpent's hiss;
Two wooden galleys (11) faintly murmur 'fire!'
And, as he enters, cautiously retire;
A candle, hanging on a nail for night,
Dissolves away in agony and fright—
Unlit—in winter, and the broad day-light!
The conscious *copy*, shrinking from the heat,
Prepar'd to make precipitate retreat,
And would have cut—like an absconding 'nigger,'
But for detainer lodg'd by gaoles *Jigger*.
Still—all these omens wholly unobserv'd—
Our hero never from his purpose swerved.
His eggs were hot when he to set began;
But hess pursue a quite contrary plan—
A proof that hess *not* better than a man.
This fact, alas! hereafter will appear
Glaring as throttle cut from ear to ear;
And calculated, like that sight, to stir
Up due compassion for the sufferer.

In energetic force, his heart and soul
Claps on to work—resolv'd to raise the poll; (12)
With *matter copy* vacillates his eye,
And o'er the *case* his rapid fingers fly;
Instant into his *stick* the letters come,
Touch'd by his two fore-fingers and his thumb.
The rule (13) receives them with a brazen grin,
And wonders how so fast they tumble in!
Withdrawn, and plac'd on four-to-pica lead,
Thus *Setting-rule* (13) to his companion said:—

- (2) In which the types are arranged in lines.
(3) Containing the types.
(4) Advantageous work is called *fat*—disadvantageous,
lean. (5) Length of the line.
(6) Slips of lead put between the lines.
(7) A weight tied to a string. (8) Composing.
(9) A kind of desk at which the compositor stands.
(10) Blanks used at the ends of short lines.
(11) Slips of wood on which the types when composed
(then called *matter*) are placed. (12) Amount of earnings.
(13) A piece of brass used in composing, shifted with
every line.

'Wisdom, we know, hath been set forth by owls;
But when had *sacrifices* ought to do with F—?'
Just then he felt a twitch—and off he flew,
To hold with *Second Lead* an interview—
'I never had, dear *Lead*, such strange misgiving,
Since in this way of life I've got my living.
Again F—'s thumb and finger draws him out,
And puts both speech and speaker to the rout;
For *Setting-rule*'s immediately transfer'd
To the next line—on top of *Lead* the *Third*.
I hate, as garment made of shreds and patches,
A speech deliver'd thus by fits and snatches:
Let fools report the follies of a fool—
I shall no longer follow *Setting-rule*.

Now I'm engag'd in simile pursuit—
I take, for instance, a dead goose's foot:
If thus I pull the leaders, each one knows
I cause undoubted movement in the toes;
But stick this foot in roof of gilet pie,
By heat of oven shrivell'd up and dry,
'The play of *sineu* and of *loater*'s o'er—
Their 'occupation's gone,'—they *net* no more.
'Twas pretty much the same with F—, that goose!
By heat our friend entirely lost the use
Of *Mamus*, clerk-o'-th'-works to all he plann'd!
His foreman *picker* (14) and his right-hand hand!

What then remains—but that we drop a smile
(Or bid that *outside* fair get down awhile,
As, up the hill, we draw a single tear)
For F—'s affliction's now recorded here?
Yet wherefore has the author bow'd his brains,
And plagued himself and readers with his strains?
Not (like a mere stone-mason) to cut in
An epitaph concerning death and sin,
On some man's grave-stone—rais'd his friends to please,
And tell his name, his age, and his disease;
While he who to perseu it feels inclined,
Must make a journey that same stone to find.
No! Gentlemen of the Composing Room!
Our art can hand down to the day of doom,
And put into a thousand hands at once—
To please the knowing, and inform the dunce—
This simple tale, how poor F— lost his hand,
Merely because he did not understand
Why heated types (from which our sinews shrink)
Are never touch'd by Typos who can think.
Unborn compositors—not yet bespoken
F—'s typographic paralytic stroke
Shall read of, and exclaim—'This is no joke!'
Type dried by fire they'll not be hot upon it,
But wait until one might compose a sonnet.
(I mean not in the spirit, but with letters),
And then attack their game like true-bred *Setters*!"

In fairness we ought to add, that though
this work exhibits talent, it does not display
the full ability of those who feel

"The proud distinction of the printer's name"

a distinction of which, perhaps, they have
more reason to be proud than is generally sup-
posed, or than may be known to the editor
of these Songs, from his not being one of the
London printers—for, to say nothing of Dr.
Franklin, and numerous other eminent men of
by-gone times, they can boast in the present
day of many well-known names in literature,
science, &c., who have studied their "art and
mystery." Among these may be enumerated
Richard Taylor, F.S.A.; A. J. Valpy, A.M.;
Dr. Nuttall, LL.D.; and the following, most
of whom, if not all of them, have "stood at
their case"—Andrew Picken, Cornelius Webb,
Wooller (the "Black Dwarf," who, we are
told, used to take the composing-stick in his
hand, and set up his articles himself without
MS.), Nichols, Tymms, J. S. Buckingham,
M.P., Keeley, Wilson, Davidge, and a host of
others as well known.* In short, we know
that *Blackwood*, *Fraser*, the *Gents. Mag.*, and
most of the other periodicals, frequently send
forth the literary productions of the members
of this profession; and, instead of displaying
any feeling of opposition or jealousy towards
them, we would rather cordially encourage
them in their efforts.

(14) Composing is technically termed picking up the
types.

* In justice to our own worthy printer, we ought to
mention that Mr. John Stevens was for ten years in
Mr. Moye's office, in which he served his apprenticeship,
and during the greater part of that time was corrector of
the press: afterwards, following the steps of his father,
he became an admired Baptist minister: Mr. Stevens was
also a good Biblical scholar.

*Fragment of the Journal of a Tour through
Persia in 1820.* By Peter Gordon. 12mo.
pp. 126. Ford, Islington.

A VOYAGE from Calcutta to Ochotak in Sibe-
ria, some travels in that country, and an over-
land journey through parts of the Russian and
Persian dominions, furnish the materials for
this fragment; which accidents seem to have
prevented from being a larger and more in-
teresting work. As it is, it is almost a dry
journal, kept by an individual who traversed
these strange lands, distributing religious
tracts; and even the parts he has noticed,
might have furnished a traveller of another
character with plenty to make respectable
quartos and honest octavos. Our author,
however, seldom observes, dissertates, or spe-
culates: his journey was before him—a hill was
a hill, a desert a desert, a city a city, a post a
post, and the distance of one place from ano-
ther so much. His style is that of a man only
slightly educated; but in the midst of ortho-
graphic errors and general sterility, he exhibits
a straightforwardness and Christian benevo-
lence of purpose which recommend him to
our notice; and we select half-a-dozen of his
observations, to shew that he was not destitute
of acuteness when he chose to exercise his
faculty.

In Siberia he was a guest at a marriage.
"The bride's portion consisted of several large
trunks of clothes, between each article of which
was placed a piece of money, a state bed, a
toilet table, several idols, &c. &c. The com-
pany consisted of her relations, who bewailed
her loss in plaintive strains." The next day,
"the bridegroom came to demand the lady.
After kissing all her friends, she came out
crying; a carpet was spread, on which she
kneeled and prostrated herself, kissing the feet
of her father, mother, and husband, who suc-
cessively presented to her an image of the
Virgin Mary." And there was a dinner,
"where above a hundred persons were present,
ladies and gentlemen seated separately as
usual: the dinner consisted of soups, cold
meats, pastry, with beer, wine, and spirits,
and lasted five hours; in the evening a ball,
about seventy ladies present, dressed very well
in silks, muslins, &c." And what might
tempt some of our aldermen to go thither, he
adds, "At Jakut weddings the greatest eaters
are always particularly invited."

Travelling here in the severe weather is
almost too much for the human frame. The
author says:

"My chief sustenance was tea, morning
and evening—as it is difficult to digest solid
food in the constant violent shaking we en-
dured: travellers usually provide themselves
with small frozen patties, which, on arriving
at the post-house, they have only to boil in
order to make a good soup: the post-house
supplies travellers gratis, but black bread is all
that you can depend on finding; sometimes
you may get milk or quass, and occasionally
meat and eggs."

The following is of mercantile interest:—
"Kiachta, properly so called, is a village on
the very *chevaux de frise* which marks the
Russian Chinese boundary; it contains a
church, a bazaar, or set of warehouses, a public
office and guard-house, and a dozen merchants'
houses; no other person is allowed to reside
there, and it can be visited only by permission
of the director. The other part of Kiachta,
or Trinity, is five versts distant from the
trading port, and may contain five hundred
souls, officers, military, and bourgeois, both
Boriat and Russian. The Chinese village is

just across the barrier; its gate is not a mile from that of Kiachta; it contains three hundred men—not a single female—the garrison consists of Mongols, but the governor is a mandarin, changed every three years.

The commerce of Kiachta is in the hands of about forty-five copets of the first guild, most of whom reside at Moscow, and send a clerk with an annual adventure, sea-otters, foxes, sables, squirrels, and other furs, English, German, and coarse Russian woollens; metals, cattle, and corn, are their staples, bullion and gunpowder are smuggled; some years a million arsheens of woollens have been disposed of. On the other side, the whole of the trade is in the hands of nine merchants, who employ about three thousand Chinese and Mongols, many of whom speak Russ, which is the only medium of intercourse; the supply of tea is 66,000 chests of 66 to 80lbs. each, above one-tenth part of which may be bloom, the remainder black: the flavour of the Kiachta teas is very superior to those procured from Canton; perhaps the voyage injures it. The Russians are very careful of the tea whilst in packages, and take great pains to extract the flavour, and to drink it in perfection. A considerable quantity of blue and yellow nankeen, some silk, and coarse sugar-candy, are the other staples. The white month is the fair time, but throughout the year there is some business going on. The annual amount of imports on either side is said to be about twelve millions rubles: it is not less. The duties are high on both sides, but the other regulations and restrictions do more injury to the trade. Tea pays the czar about a ruble the pound: the entire revenue he draws from this trade may amount to a million rubles per annum.

The Boriat, here mentioned, have at least one singular economical custom, to save them the trouble of saying their prayers!

"The Kumba, (says our informant) or chief priest, is the fattest man I ever saw; corporeal dimension is the qualification for the office; he has a wooden house and a tent, in each of which there is an altar. He possesses a very fine and numerous flock of sheep. We had brought him some bread, and he entertained us with koumis and tea. He had not been able to visit the temple, which is about five versts from his house, for some months; and was anxious for snow, being able to go there only in a sledge, on account of his size. The place of worship consists of about a dozen wooden buildings of different sizes, placed near to each other; the inside of the largest greatly resembles our own places of worship. Their ideas of matter and motion have led to modes of praying cheaper than the candle-worship of the Russian, and less troublesome than counting beads, as some of the Greek clergy do, when in company: the Boriat procures a nom written on a long strip of paper, and suspends it where it will be moved by the wind, passengers, &c.: or rolls it round the barrel of a small windmill, such as is frequently placed in gardens to frighten the birds; one stage contains about a hundred of these praying mills; and the roof of the chapel has so many prayers pendant, that no one can move a step without also moving petitions. Near the door is a case which turns on a vertical axis containing the books of their law, secured from inspection by iron bands, but easily put in motion, together with a number of bells and pendants."

Praying by means of the wind, or more effectually by a windmill, is indeed a novelty in religious worship; and it may be worthy of

the attention of our fashionable world, and all who prefer their own ease to every other consideration. But the Siberians have other odd notions.

"Taking tea at one post-house, the overseer, speaking of Speranski, said, 'Yes, he is a good man, God bless him, he is doing a great deal of good and making many alterations; but it won't do; he'll soon find out his mistake; he knows how to act with the Russians, but that won't do in Siberia. What do you think?'—a man cannot be punished now without first trying him: it won't answer. Siberia is now just like a republic—there will be no living in it.' * * * The severe frost was 46° of Reaumur, the mercury freezing. We could not drive as fast as usual, the horses' nostrils being choaked with ice, which made it necessary to stop frequently and rub it off. The drivers also, though the hardiest fellows in the country, seldom came in without having their cheeks frozen to ice; this sometimes happened before they had been out ten minutes. They would say, 'Never mind, it is not the first time.' Sometimes, when at the end of the stage, and about to thaw them with snow, they would think of the pain they were about to undergo; but three-halfpence for themselves would counterbalance the evil, and another penny brought forth exclamations of rapture. How happy they were to have met with such a fine man, such a nice merchant; or, with his grace, a title of courtesy given to merchants and others by their inferiors."

Now to Persia.—Between Koshan and Ispahan.

"The rocks are of very various substances; many appear to be, as I hear is actually the case, mere mountains of iron, nearly malleable in their unfused native state. The scarcity of fuel, however, is an obstacle to mining operations at present. A coal mine has been discovered, but is not worked. The quantity of salt lands may possibly be in some degree owing to the arid state of the earth and of the atmosphere. Any one who observes the blackening effects of the Persian sun, will not be surprised that the revolution of ages should produce the blackest jet Caffre from a Hebrew stock. Persia appears a connecting link between white and black."

The chief delights of Persia are a good horse, a hound, and to be well armed; a good black cap, and if of rank, a scarlet robe—then to stroll about, and show off, boasting. A good carpet, and frequent opportunities of spreading it in public, exposed situations for prayer. A smart keelian, if with an attentive servant, the better. When at home, to meet with a few friends in some fine garden, wash, pray, smoke, sing, and get drunk. Then they become very quarrelsome, and often stab each other. With their victuals, the Persians are rather gluttons than epicures."

And here we close our little book; only stating that the writer estimates the population of Kamtschatka at 6000 aborigines and a 1000 Russians; and that the following is rather a damp upon the distribution of tracts (at Ispahan):

"Two Mullahs called; each took a tract, and the remaining Testaments. Captain Monteith tells me, loads have been received from India, and are in demand in the bazaars for wrapping up goods; he also says, that the Kalif and all the high clergy, to whom Martyn's tract has been sent for an answer, have declared it a damnable work, and that the man who reads it is a Kaffer."

Still, let us hope that the good work, under

judicious auspices, will be persevered in and succeed. Much of civilisation and human happiness depends on this source.

Sea-Burking, to the alarming Extent of upwards of Two Thousand Lives annually; with an Exposure of further Atrocities, exposing an Organised System of Robbery and Murder. By Samuel Seaworthy, Ex-Member of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. Second Edition. 12mo. pp. 40. London, 1833.

WE did not know what to make of this tract, being indeed very little acquainted with its subject. But when such questions arise as the sea-worthiness of the *Amphitrite*, where so many hapless lives were terminated, we consider it to be our public duty to recommend to perusal a strange and portentous pamphlet, which ascribes the majority of shipwrecks to a foul, mercenary, and merciless combination among dishonest ship-builders and gambling insurers. If true, even in a small part, the statement is most dreadful.

Moral and Political Sketch of the United States. By Achille Murat. Second Edition. E. Wilson.

WE notice this second edition with pleasure, as a proper sequel to the merits of the first, to which we had the satisfaction to bear our testimony. Were we inclined to write another review, still more acceptable to author and publisher, we would quote some of the "cut and dry" extracts which accompany the volume; but as we deem these will suit the convenience of the journals in general, and therefore be abundantly circulated, we shall be content with again bestowing our praise upon the book in toto.

Colburn's Modern Novelists. Vivian Grey. 5 vols. in 4. Bentley.

THESE early proofs of the early talent of the younger D'Israeli, the true inheritor of literary powers, and the possessor of highly cultivated literary attainments, have not exhausted the popularity which welcomed them; and now that they are reproduced at the cost of their half-binding, they will, we are sure, renew their effect upon a circle of readers as universally extended as the admiration of genius, rendered still more acceptable by its adaptation to the economical principles of the times.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

A RECENT TOUR.
(Continued from p. 601.)

Montiers, Tarentaise, Aug. 21.—I must add to my account of Le Puy, that I here saw, for the first time, the phenomenon of a young lady riding *à la monsieur*, with a riding habit, and under it a pair of white trousers, boots and spurs. It is, however, the custom of the country; and we continued to encounter on the road many a grotesque pair—sometimes a man and his wife, at other times two women, in the same position. From Le Puy we walked to the castle of Polignac, the remains of the mansion of the unfortunate prince, who derives his name from it, although it does not belong to him, but to a brother. But the place was celebrated long before they took possession of it, as the site of a Celtic temple and a castle of the Romans; and a huge stone head, with a hole for a mouth, out of which oracles were given, it is said, and which is called Apollo's, is still shewn here. I hardly ever saw more complete and utter destruction

than that which it now exhibits, the result of revolutionary barbarism — the work of a mob, who soon laid low the weathercock. I could not help contrasting the fate of this building, which, in its day, must have been very extensive, and a very fine structure, with some of the old castles in our own country, destroyed by Cromwell and his soldiers. They are, many of them, in an equally ruinous state. The puritans, bad as they were, worked hard with their swords for whatever they won: there were bold attacks on one side, and hearty resistance on the other; and fair play and a great deal of the spirit of chivalry distinguished the contest. Our old castles were knocked down, not from mere wantonness, but because the brave men who held them would not give them up till the walls were breached and the towers sent rattling about their ears. There are no such associations connected with similar ruins in France—they are the result of the levelling madness of a revolutionary mob, and stand as so many monuments of national disgrace.

From Le Puy we proceeded through a not uninteresting country to St. Etienne, the Birmingham of France—a place whose rise has been as extraordinary as that of some of the cities in the back states of America, and which has advanced in population, in the space of twenty years, from fifteen to sixty thousand inhabitants. It is situated in a country abounding in coal and iron, whence arises its prosperity. We arrived late in the evening; and next day was, unluckily, a festival, and was kept quite as rigorously as a Sunday. All the manufactories had stopped: however, we got admittance to see the weaving of ribands, which goes on to a great extent. The other staple manufacture is that of fire-arms, which, of course, is much better seen in our own country; so that we did not much mind our disappointment; but you may easily imagine what a serious inconvenience and injury it would be to such places as Glasgow and Manchester, if, in addition to the Sunday, there were forty or fifty other days in the year set apart for holidays, when all works must come to a stand-still, as is regulated by the Catholic church. A short morning sufficed to see St. Etienne, which certainly deserves to be visited as one of the most rising commercial towns in France: it has also a rail-road leading to Lyons, about which the French talk a great deal, and which, as a first effort of the sort, is very creditable to them; but, after all, a very inferior work to many which have existed in England for twenty or thirty years.

From St. Etienne to Annonay we took post horses; the only occasion on which we have been so extravagant, as it is by no means prudent to travel so much *en grand seigneur*. Annonay is a small but flourishing town, which I would compare to Lanark. It is situated in a beautiful valley, or rather in two valleys, at the point where they join and become one. The rivers which flow through them are the means of setting in motion a number of small mills and manufactories. The principal are the paper mills, of which there are four or five establishments, esteemed the largest and finest in France. They were originally established by the brothers Montgolfier, who were natives of the place—the same who first attempted an ascent in an air balloon, which took place in the middle of the town, and is commemorated by a stone obelisk raised to their memory by their fellow-townsmen. The proprietors of the principal paper-mills are still their descendants.

We now crossed the Rhone to Valence, and thence have followed up the course of the river Isère almost to its source, through a valley which, in richness and luxuriance of vegetation, is perhaps not exceeded by any other in the world. The difficulty would seem here to be, not to extend, but, so luxuriant is it, to check vegetation. The slopes are covered with vines, the lower parts with maize and hemp, and mulberries for silk-worms. The road is overarched with walnut or fruit trees; and so close is the foliage, that you are often prevented by it from seeing twenty yards to the right or left; every now and then, however, a slope in the ground produces an opening through which you may see over the tops of the trees the whole extent of the valley, and comprehend all its richness and beauty and various products. In the centre of this distance, at a point where three valleys meet, stands Grenoble, one of the most ancient and commercial towns in France. We arrived here at a very bustling period, just as the fair was going on, which produced a great concourse of people. It is a frontier town, and has always been a fortified though not a strong place. The French have lately, however, been adding very greatly to the works. They have formed a citadel on the summit, and up the sides of a high hill, overlooking the town, and are about to enclose the town itself within a fresh line of fortification. For a commercial place, where the inhabitants may amount to fifty or sixty thousand, this must be a great misfortune. The view from the citadel of Grenoble is, without exception, one of the finest I ever saw.

Bozel, Aug. 26. — I seize the opportunity afforded by a halt of a few minutes to refresh our mules, in the dirty kitchen of a small village-inn among the mountains, to give you an account of what I have been doing for the last four days. On the 21st, we arrived at Bourg St. Maurice, a small town at the foot of the little St. Bernard, in the midst of the Alps, surrounded by torrents and precipices, and overlooked by snowy-peaked mountains. It gives additional interest to the road which we have been following since we left Grenoble, that it was almost beyond doubt the course of Hannibal. General Melville, Deluc, and Cramer of Oxford, have all brought forward satisfactory evidence of this; and Brockedon, in his *Passes of the Alps*, has added one or two curious local proofs. The upper part of the Tarentaise was the country of the Centrones—a barbarous tribe mentioned by Polybius, whose name is curiously enough still preserved in the name of a small village which we passed by, and which is called Centron.

I will now give you an account of a mountain tour which occupied three days, and which has afforded me much gratification. We set out at five, A.M. on the 22d, (we rarely rise after that time, as daylight is most valuable in mountain journeys,) and strapping our baggage to our backs, took our way up the valley. In less than three hours we reached a village called St. Foi. We carried with us a letter to a man at this place, who had been recommended to us as a guide to cross a very unfrequented mountain-pass called the Col du Mont, over which no Englishman before is known to have been. Now, as it is rather a ticklish matter sometimes to trust oneself to an unknown guide, I thought it prudent to call on the curé to ask the character of the one named to us. The curé was very civil, gave a good account of the man, said he was a *bon garçon*, and then invited me, *sans façon*, to take some refreshment. Our guide had not much of the moun-

taineer in his appearance; that is, he was neither tall nor stout, and approached more nearly to a *marchand de quincaillerie*, a trade which he had exercised in France for some time. The people of Savoy and Piedmont are almost universally rovers and emigrants. Nearly every lad takes his turn to set out from home, and pass at least a few years in a foreign land, in order to pick up a little cash with which he may begin the world. While at Bourg we met a party winding down our path towards us: they consisted of eight or ten young boys, from ten to fourteen years old, with an elder lad as guide at their head. They had come from the Pays d'Aosta, and had crossed the Little St. Bernard on their way to Marseilles, where they told us they intended to set up as *décorateurs*, shoe-blacks. They had huge knapsacks at their backs, wore their best clothes, and seemed very jolly, except one poor fellow, seemingly the youngest, who lagged behind, and could not prevent the tears from trickling from his eyes. During winter, high up in the mountains, when the snow lies deep and covers every thing for four, five, or six months—sometimes from November to May—there is scarcely any employment for the young men: those, therefore, who are unmarried emigrate in search of employment, and, at such times, the villages appear composed almost entirely of women and children.

We could find no mules at St. Foi; they had all been taken up the high mountains to carry hay, the harvest of which was going on. We met many on our ascent laden heavily. The hay is placed on a frame like the shafts of a gig, and a man follows behind to keep it upright, and prevent its falling off. Our path upwards lay among banks of wild strawberries, lying in great abundance, but neglected, although ripe. I thought how much my mother would have praised them. After mounting some way, we came to some chalets situated at the height where the hay-making was going on, and above which the cows were pasturing. They are led out to their pasture in July, August, and September, which ought, therefore, to be the finest months in this country; the rest of the year they spend in their stalls. Above this we came to the most toilsome part of our journey—through the rocks and snow; and about three reached the summit, which ended in a sharp ridge of very small width. There is generally a small plain on the top of the passes, but here there was none. On the very ridge, or back-bone, was heaped up a rampart of stones, extending from side to side of the passage, but now partly beaten down. Would you believe it?—these heaps of rough stones composed a battery formed by the Sardinians, early in the revolutionary wars, to resist the French, who wanted to force the passage, and were accordingly posted on the watch upon a neighbouring height! You would hardly have expected here, among the snows and whirlwinds, peaked rocks and glaciers, at a height of 7000 feet above the sea, to hear of war and bloodshed; but so it was, the contending parties dragged up their guns over torrents and precipices apparently insurmountable. They watched each other for two summers (I was told), descending in the winter; at last, after a terribly hot conflict, the French carried the battery by storm. Deeds of daring were done in those days which, though they have perhaps been hardly heard of beyond the mountains, would almost rival the exploits of the days of Napoleon. In crossing the chine we found a long, precipitous slope lying before us, entirely covered with deep snow. We

began to walk across it; but, seeing a party of wild young shepherd-boys sliding and tumbling down it, I was determined to follow their example; so sitting down, and giving myself an impetus, I glanced forward, turning up the snow before me with my heels, and in a few minutes reached the bottom, descending, as it were, by a *montagne Russe*. I was overjoyed and surprised to find here that much-talked-of phenomenon, red snow, lying in large patches, and not merely distinguishable at a distance, but evidently pink when taken up in the hand. It is, I believe, now well ascertained to be a plant. I have poured some of the dirty red liquor into which it dissolves itself on the leaf of one of my books, to preserve as a specimen.

We had been told the whole distance of ascent and descent was six hours; we walked eleven—for the latter part through a most dreary valley, with frowning rocks on each side, from which huge masses had detached themselves, and spread desolation below, and giving the valley the appearance of a stone quarry. Every few hundred yards we encountered a wooden cross—the unfailing memorial of some tragical death by accidents, either from persons falling from precipices, or being overwhelmed by avalanches descending into the valley. Some of these bore so recent a date as the present year. About half-past seven, finding ourselves not yet half down the valley, though we had walked almost incessantly for eleven hours, we began to look for a lodging for the night. Our guide was even more knocked up than we, and was equally taken in—never having, as it now turned out, passed beyond the summit of the Col. We luckily got to a village at last, in which we had been told there was an inn. We found it—but to our dismay, quite empty, not a soul to be found. The owners were all at work in the fields, and did not appear anxious to hasten on our account; as, though we sent several messengers, no one came till we had waited three quarters of an hour. At last arrived the host and all his family; he, a ruffian-looking fellow, with a dirty face and huge whiskers. They most good-humouredly set to work to entertain us as well as they could. We got coffee, which was intolerable; but happily substituted our own tea, though the difficulty of making it was inconceivably great, from the total absence of any thing in the shape of a kettle to boil water, and of a teapot. The milk and eggs were very good, but they had nothing but mountain bread in the house—'*pain dure*,' as it is well called—for it is so hard that I found it useless to try to get off a corner, in spite of the good intentions of my appetite. It is made in the beginning of the year, and one batch serves for a twelvemonth. I have brought away a specimen with me as a curiosity, and I keep it along with the minerals which I have collected, considering them as fitting company for each other. Next morning we were up at four, breakfasted, and were off at five, having pronounced our host a very honest fellow, in spite of his appearance. Three hours' further walk brought us down the subordinate valley, into which we had descended from the snowy ridge, into the rich main valley of Aosta, and into a good carriage-road. Here, however, the same story was told us, and in every other village we entered, that there were no mules to be had; so that we toiled on in the sun till one o'clock, at which time we happily reached Pré St. Didier, a small bathing-place at the foot of the Little St. Bernard route, on the side opposite Bourg St. Maurice.

One thing alone served to refresh me, and carry me pleasantly to my journey's end. It was the sight of Mont Blanc, which is seen from the south, perhaps, to greater advantage than from any other side. At a sudden turn in the road the monarch makes his appearance, filling up the gap at the end of the valley entirely with his majestic self. The magnitude of his summit, the extent of surface covered with snow, and the length and width of the glaciers which descend his sides, all serve to assert his dignity of chief of the mountains of Europe! I must leave off for want of space.

[To be continued.]

ARTS AND SCIENCES. BIOMETRE.

IN the notice, in our last *Gazette*, of M. Jullien's "Letter to the English Nation," we promised that in our present number we would give some account of his proposed *BIOMETRE*, or estimate of life (from the two Greek words *βίος*, life, and *μετρον*, measure). We proceed to redeem our pledge.

"Every man," says M. Jullien, "who has any notions of order and economy, or who even follows the instinct alone of his personal interest and preservation, will not allow a piece of gold of the value of twenty shillings, or even a piece of silver, to pass out of his hands without pretty well ascertaining what has become of it, and if it has been spent in a manner agreeable or useful to him. And yet, after a piece of money has been spent or lost, we may repair the expense or the loss, and may replace it with a piece of the same value, by a fortunate concurrence of circumstances, or by industry; but when we have spent that piece of the money of life called a day, who can restore it to us? What can recompense us for having allowed it to vanish without any agreeable or useful result?—frequently even for having deplorably employed it in plunging us, through thoughtlessness, imprudence, levity, the gratification of our passions, into an abyss of evils?"

"Why should we not take the same care to account to ourselves for the various employment of our days, that we take to account to ourselves for the various employment of the sums of money of which we have the disposal? It is often said, that 'time is a treasure of which we should be avaricious.' But all the consequences which naturally flow from this maxim have never been deduced: it has therefore appeared to me to be essential to invent an instrument to render a regular and economical method of regulating daily life easily applicable; and to procure the means of knowing, as exactly as possible, what has become of the different parts of the day which we have agreed to call hours. To attain this object it is necessary that the instrument should be of universal use—that it should equally suit all individuals, without distinction of sex, opinion, social condition, profession, or fortune; but nevertheless that it should be especially available to enlightened minds, to men gifted with superior reason, with a refined good sense anxious to observe and to improve itself—to young persons of good birth and education, capable of feeling how useful it would be to them to have always a Mentor and a guide—to persons full of occupation, who are sensible of the want of a regulator and moderator, amidst the tumultuous waves of their agitated life—to persons naturally lazy and idle, who cannot be snatched from the empire of the *vis inertiae* against which they in vain struggle, except by a kind of spring or exciting motion,

operating by continued impulse, or every day renewed.

"Pope, I think, has said (and our Montaigne has said it also), that the knowledge of man is that which is most important to man:—

'The proper study of mankind is man.'

The ancient precept engraved on the front of the temple of Delphi—*γνῶθι σεαυτόν*; *nosce te ipsum*; *connais-toi toi-même*; know thyself; *conosce te stesso*—has been reproduced in all ages, among all nations, in all languages. The means should be found of making an easy and general application of it.

"I imagined, therefore, and afterward executed, an instrument *livret*—*BIOMETRE*—which allows the assembling, every morning, in five minutes at most, and on a single line for every interval of four-and-twenty hours, of the various employments and the principal results of life, during the same space of time.

"The *BIOMETRE* is a succession of little tables, composed of columns, representing all the possible employments of human and social life, and all the relations which it embraces. Every table contains ten lines for ten days, and a last line of recapitulation, in order to establish the totals of the hours inscribed in every column. Every line represents a day, and is prolonged horizontally across the columns indicative of the various employments of the day. The first column on the left, marked A, shows the day of the month and the day of the week; the second column, B (much larger), is intended to exhibit by a small number of understood signs, the variations of daily temperature—variations which exercise a natural and necessary influence on man himself, and on his life. The fourteen columns which follow, from the third to the sixteenth, express by figures the number of hours given to each of the divisions of life—physical, moral, intellectual, social, and passive or vegetative. The seventeenth column, which comes immediately after, exhibits the total of the twenty-four hours thus expended. A column much larger than any of the preceding, R (*remarks or reflections*), is intended to receive the explanation, in two or three lines, corresponding with the line of the day, of such of the columns as are on that day the most charged with figures, and is to contain at most five-and-twenty or thirty words of review, to recall the names of the persons, places, establishments, and most remarkable objects, which have been seen in the day, or what has been done of the most importance. The nineteenth and last column, S (*secrets of life*), is intended to receive a mysterious sign—either a note of music, a letter of the alphabet, an algebraic character, or some other figure—which may recall faithfully and render visible to the eye, and as it were intuitively to the judgment, the impression (good, bad, or indifferent) which the past day has left on the mind.

"Thus three tables, each of ten days, and containing thirty or thirty-one lines, represent a month; thirty-six tables, containing three hundred and sixty-five lines, represent the twelve months of the year; and, followed by a last recapitulatory table, in twelve lines, for the annual summary of the twelve months, constitutes our moral watch. The use of this watch constrains the habits and independence of life no more than the common watch, and teaches exactly what becomes of every day, and how it has been expended. When we wish to regulate our lives beforehand, according to the advice of moralists, a thousand unforeseen circumstances occur to derange the plan which we

have formed, and to overturn the wisest projects. Here, you retrace every day in your mind, in winding up your watch—the yesterday—which has been employed in a good or bad, satisfactory or unsatisfactory, or deplorable manner. However it may have been employed, it is over; the irresistible torrent of time has drawn in and engulfed this day in its course; but for that very reason, that it no longer exists except in your memory—that it no longer depends upon you to change its results—that it exhibits something positive to your observation, the moment is come to collect and to preserve, in the most analytical, the most abridged, the most complete form, those results, whatever they may be. The mere inspection of the line so traced is a lesson, indirect but eloquent, which operates upon you; and it is impossible that, in bringing together and comparing the lines which follow one another in every page, according to the insertion of a certain number of hours in every column, you should not be induced—by instinct, by reflection, by reason, and by an irresistible force—either to modify for the better the day which is commencing, if you are dissatisfied with the preceding day, or to wish to reproduce the same sign, expressing the internal content that you experience if your day has been satisfactory in the four great relations—physical, moral, intellectual, and social—which it embraces."

CELESTIAL PHENOMENA FOR OCTOBER.

23^d 25th—the Sun enters Scorpio.

Lunar Phases and Conjunctions.

	D.	H.	M.
☾ Last Quarter in Gemini	6	4	9
☾ New Moon in Virgo	12	19	7
☾ First Quarter in Capricorn	20	0	4
☾ Full Moon in Cetus	28	3	48

The Moon will be in conjunction with

	D.	H.	M.
Venus in Leo	10	7	16
Saturn in Virgo	11	17	0
Mercury in Virgo	13	5	21
Mars in Virgo	13	6	23
Jupiter in Aries	27	18	9

All the planets, excepting Jupiter and Uranus, will be in the zodiacal constellation Virgo this month.

4^d 9th—Mercury in his superior conjunction with the Sun. 13^d 2nd—in conjunction with Mars; difference in declination 7'. 15^d 7th—descending node. 23^d 23rd—in conjunction with 2 ♌ Libra. 25^d 10th—in aphelion.

3^d 6th—Venus in conjunction with ♌ Leonis. 10th—with ♌ Leonis; difference of latitude 15'. 13^d 9th—with ♌ Leonis. 20^d 8th—with ♌ Virginis. 22^d 6th—in perihelion. 26^d 20th—in conjunction with ♌ Virginis.

26^d—Mars in conjunction with ♌ Virginis; difference of latitude 16'.

1st—Vesta in conjunction with ♎ Sagittarii, the planet one degree south of the star. 14th—June in conjunction with ♎ Scorpii, the planet 4' south of the star. 13th—Pallas in conjunction with 19 Argus, the planet 1° 56' south of the star. 25^d—Ceres in conjunction with 20 Leonis, the planet 1° 22' south of the star.

23^d 17th—Jupiter in opposition to the Sun, nearly due south of Arietis.

Eclipses of the Satellites.

	D.	H.	M.
First Satellite, immersion ..	2	16	37
	4	11	5
	11	13	0
	13	7	28
	18	14	54
	20	9	23
emersion	27	13	26
	29	7	55
Second Satellite, immersion ..	6	15	38
	17	7	33
emersion	24	13	31
	31	15	9

Before the opposition of Jupiter to the Sun, (23^d 17th) the immersions and emersions happen on the west side of the planet, and after the opposition on the east side. Before the opposition, the immersions only of the first satellite are visible; and after the opposition, the emersions only. The same is generally the case with respect to the second satellite; but both the phenomena of the same eclipse are frequently observable in the two outer satellites.

29^d 7th—Saturn in conjunction with Venus; difference in declination 28'.

8^d—Ring of Saturn. Major axis, 36' 45". Minor axis, 3" 47'; the northern plane of the ring illuminated.

28^d—Uranus stationary.

Deptford.

J. T. BARKER.

FINE ARTS.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

WE have just enjoyed a glance at the Exhibition of English Artists preparing under the auspices of this Society for exhibition during the winter; and have been much delighted with the view. Reynolds, R. Wilson, Hogarth, Gainsborough, and indeed an entire series of our greatest painters from Lely and Kneller to the present day, not only constitute a gallery of great beauty and interest in itself, but by supplying the means of contrasting and comparing their works, and estimating the talents which procured them reputation and profit in their day, is altogether, perhaps, as attractive and instructive as any collection which could be formed.

THE (PSEUDO) NATIONAL GALLERY.

SOME official correspondence relative to the building which is to be called "The National Gallery," has appeared in the newspapers. The first letter, from the office of Woods and Forests, intimates that "Mr. Wilkins, the architect for building the National Gallery, and Rooms for the Royal Academy," has suggested "various alterations and improvements" (not without sufficient cause), in the plans of July 1832, which will raise the cost from 50,000*l.*, and the architect's commission, &c. not previously mentioned, to 62,000*l.*, besides an expense, not yet ascertained, to the Ordnance department, for taking down a portion (only) of the barracks, and providing accommodation for the soldiers elsewhere. The second letter, from William Wilkins, esquire, to Lord Duncan, recapitulates the proposed variations and new changes, viz. two archways to relieve the long line of the south front, at 1000*l.* per archway; the alteration of the ground floor of the west wing from a record-depository into apartments for the officers belonging to the establishment, 1500*l.*; an octagon room, 2000*l.*; the builder's commission, 2975*l.*—and hard won money, if the incapacity exposed, and the obloquy acquired, be taken into consideration; clerks of the works for three years, 500*l.*; "contingencies, about 205*l.*;" and fixtures, 1000*l.* The third letter, from Mr. E. Protheroe, to Mr. C. Wood, then of the Treasury, relates simply to the expensive removal of the records from the Mews for a temporary purpose. Then follow the minutes of a meeting (July 10, 1833) of the trustees for erecting the temple of Wilkins, to whom it appears, that the 62,000*l.* aforesaid "will not cover the expenses" thereof; yea, verily, that the lowest tender approximating thereto doth exceed that amount to the tune of 14,000*l.*!! Accordingly,

* And the old materials of the portico and Mews stables, &c., not over-valued at 4000*l.*

as it would have been mighty cruel to ruin Mr. Wilkins, as well as a public and national piece of architecture, that gentleman was called in to explain the matter of the difference of nearly a fifth at the lowest; and his explanation is as luminous as could have been expected. It seems that the tradesmen called upon to send in the estimates, were directed to do so for an elevation quite dissimilar to that approved of by the treasury; and hence the discrepancy. Mr. Wilkins, who is a man of LETTERS, as well as a builder, had at length discovered that our objection to its being too low even in juxtaposition with the dwelling-houses around, was undeniable, and that it would be better to add somewhat to the height of his Gallery, so that it might "correspond with that (i. e. the Gallery) of St. Martin's Church,"* had taken upon himself so to arrange the matter in regard to the new estimates. Another addition consisted of eighteen Portland-stone statues, to be copied from the antique; another expense was the throwing back the line of frontage so as not to cut three parts of the miserable portico of St. Martin's church off from view, as at first intended, in order to screen that poor piece of architecture from the disgrace it has to endure from the contiguity of its unparalleled neighbour (about to be); and still another, was a repetition of the cost of altering the lower parts of the west wing, which we thought was included in the former specification at the charge of 1500*l.*; and, last of all, comes a famous salvo, which proves, if we can understand it, that all estimates are perfectly nugatory and absurd. It is as follows: "It is also fair to admit, that from the nature and extent of the work, no exact and unalterable estimate could well be ascertained, until all the working plans and specifications were fully made out, and the probable expense brought to the precise test of adequate competition." As all before, therefore, was Mr. Wilkins' guesswork, the committee reasonably conclude, that he cannot execute the job for much less than the lowest tenders; and recommend that a supplementary 14,000*l.* should be voted, to cover the whole cost of 76,000*l.*—or, with the old materials, of 80,000*l.* A letter from the Commissioners of Woods and Forests to the Treasury enters into the particulars of these extra estimates, such as masons, bricklayers, carpenters, ironmongers, &c. adding yet another trifle of 867*l.* to the 76,000*l.* This is followed by another long written explanation by Mr. Wilkins, dated in the *Morning Herald* April 25, 1835, about two years hence! and which is not more likely to be correct at that period, than his successive explanations have hitherto been. He informs their Lordships that he had resolved to raise the building five feet, that its cornice might range with that of St. Martin's Church, and his temple not have a low and mean appearance; but as he had not thought of this in his original plan, he adds, that "the imposing effect of the church depends more on the magnitude of the parts than on beauty of design."

* This might be a very humorous as well as instructive correspondence. The gallery of St. Martin's church, edified as it is by the worthy vicar, Dr. Richards, and as it was in preceding days by his predecessor, the venerable Archdeacon Pott, one of the best judges of the fine arts whom we ever had the pleasure to know, might criticize the productions in its brother Gallery; while in return, keep a sharp look out upon the doctrines preached to the former. Thus Christianity and painting might be improved; and Mr. Wilkins might have a commission as long as he lived as translator and editor of the correspondence he had the original merit of instituting; more than ever he had the original merit he claimed of projecting the National Gallery at Charing Cross.

We fear that all the imposing effects in these erections are not yet sufficiently seen through; but time may do something in that way, and in the interim, as Mr. Wilkins does not pretend to excite admiration by magnitude of parts, we shall leave him to his lesser and more finished specimen of ability.

Secondly; He has learnt to observe, that if he had executed his original design, the barracks and other buildings behind would have overtopped it in the most Babylonish manner, as viewed along the whole extent of Whitehall. What follows we cannot exactly comprehend: perhaps our readers, especially if they are learned, or versed in the mysteries of architecture, may; we quote for their examination:—

"I considered it therefore expedient that this greater height should be taken into consideration by the valuers, (how wise to find out that valuers should be acquainted with the size of the thing they were called on to value!) who were then actively employed in abstracting the quantities from the working plans, (this is what puzzles us,) in order to enable the tradesmen to make their tenders." Mr. Wilkins then eases his soul by a confession, "that the excess arises in some degree from the inaccuracy of my rough estimate," his calculations being "rather made on past experience than on the result of a very detailed estimate," &c. &c., as if the experience of having built an hospital or a pig-sty could enable a genius to tell at once how much it would cost to build a Parthenon or a Pyramid! Much argument is added to shew, that, when he gave in his 50,000*l.* and his 62,000*l.* estimates, he could not by possibility know anything about the matter, because the actual sum required "can only be obtained from working plans, which cannot be made in the early stages of building operations." *C'est bien drole*; but the poor architect's impossibilities were rendered still more impossible, by a concatenation of causes thus clearly expounded by him. "The building in question is of a very peculiar and very unusual construction, (we said so when we published the plan of it in the *Literary Gazette*, for which Mr. Peter, in his best English style, heartily abused us, and told us we were no gentlemen by no means, and no judges of architecture by no means more); and thus, in comparing its magnitude and extent with those of any other public building erected under circumstances of more common occurrence, analogy misleads us, and leaves us exposed to errors of calculation." What fustian! Cannot square feet in masonry be estimated as exactly for in a gallery as for a church? Columns of the same dimensions cost the same, whether they adorn a university or a gin-shop; arches are not more expensive in an uncommon Wilkins-projection, than in a common sewer; and cupolas and balustrades are identically the same price, whether they deform a Grecian elevation, or adorn a Palladian casino or a bridge.

This paper is signed "*Wm. Wilkins*," and now countersigned *Literary Gazette*.

A representation from the Commissioners of Public Records, touches their concern; with which, at present, we have nothing to do, except earnestly to recommend, as in the case of the National Gallery, the erection of a fitting structure to receive them permanently; the interior judiciously adapted for their classification, arrangement, and preservation; and the exterior worthy of the arts of a great country—an ornament to its capital, an attraction to foreign visitors, and a pride to its people.

As for the correspondence we have animadverted upon, it is positively below contempt;

and we only regret to observe with what facility some of the most estimable and enlightened men of the age have suffered themselves to be led into even the partial countenance of such chameleon schemes and trumpety designs. This Gallery ought to be a true and magnificent national object: it is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous; would it were also, were it in this instance alone, a step from the ridiculous to the sublime! We will bet a thousand pounds that a hundred thousand does not complete the Gallery.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Illustrations of the Landscape Annual for 1834.
From Drawings by J. D. Harding, Esq. Jennings and Chaplin.

THE four volumes of this charming publication which have already passed under our review, have been occupied by the scenery of Italy; the present is devoted to that of the South of France; which, although not so celebrated as the former, is scarcely inferior to it in beauty. To increase the interest of the work, Mr. Harding "has deviated from the beaten track of travellers, selecting subjects for his pencil which, while they comprise the most picturesque and romantic scenery of the country, possess the additional recommendation of having been rarely, if ever, before explored by a British artist."

In addition to his talent as a landscape-painter, Mr. Harding, as we have had occasion to observe in other instances, is singularly successful in the introduction of groups of figures; to which indeed he gives such an importance, that they constitute a most valuable part of his compositions; enabling him to impart a much greater variety and richness, both to his forms and to his effect, than they could otherwise possess. We never saw Mr. Harding's powers in this respect more advantageously manifested than in some of the admirable plates before us. In that, for instance, which we mentioned in our last number, "The Amphitheatre at Nîmes," engraved by J. B. Allen; to the multitude and skilful disposition of the figures a large, if not the greater portion of the attraction is attributable. The same may be said, in different degrees, of many of the other plates. "Mount St. Michael, at Le Puy," engraved by W. Radclyffe; "Street at Villeneuve," "The Town of Pont du Chateau," and "Chateau and Village of Polignac," engraved by J. B. Allen; "Villeneuve from the Rhone," and "Montpellier," engraved by — Willmore; "Interior of the Church of Polignac," engraved by — Higham; "Vie," engraved by — Carter; "Mont Ferrand, Clermont," engraved by — Fisher; and "Pont D'Isère, and Cathedral of Lyons," engraved by W. R. Smith; all owe much of their charm to their population. Mr. Harding is evidently an anti-Malthusian.

Let us not, however, be suspected of undervaluing the scenic quality of that which is *par excellence* entitled "The Landscape Annual." On the contrary, nothing can be more exquisite in that point than most of the plates which we have already noticed, as well as many others; especially, "Approach to Thiers," engraved by — Freebairn; "At Thiers," engraved by J. H. Kernot; "Approach to Royat," and "Chateau de Villeneuve," engraved by J. Conson; "Pont du Chateau," engraved by J. C. Varrall; "Aurillac," engraved by W. Radclyffe; "Mont Ferrier," engraved by J. C. Armytage; "General View of Avignon," and "Orange," engraved by — Willmore; "Chateau and Village of Polignac," engraved by W. R. Smith; &c. &c.

Finden's Gallery of the Graces. Part VII.
Tilt.

THREE "sweet pretty girls," certainly; but, of the three "The Maid of Lismore," engraved by Dyer, from a drawing by F. Stone, for our money. We know that we are travelling out of our province, and that what we are about to say will by many be considered a poetical heresy; but we confess that we could not help smiling at the quaint commencement of Wordsworth's otherwise beautiful lines, entitled "Ruth:"

"When Ruth was left half desolate,
Her father took another mate."

Surely, this is something less than simplicity.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

RESCUED RECORDS. NO. V.

(Supposed to have been written by a XX-Marine under his present Majesty.)

[THAT a Marine should have a liking for barrels is not remarkable—that he should acquire the title of XX-Marine for his constancy in this attachment is not astonishing. But that there should be such a similarity between many of the observations of Ex-Min.-of-Marine Haussez and those of the worthy XX-Marine is somewhat unaccountable. Nor is the XX-Marine unlike the Ex-Marine in another point. Both wish it to appear that they moved almost entirely among the higher classes—and no one can have a doubt about the matter, after reading their sketches of those whom they condescended to visit. . . . However, let the reader wave further comment on these Marine productions, and proceed with the fragments of Mrs. L.—'s papillotes.]

Brown Study.—To a traveller what a scene do the streets of London present! He cannot help being struck by most things that he sees—besides which he is often struck by things which he does not see—such as butchers' trays, &c. The people, too, are extraordinary beings. They walk fast because they are in a hurry!—they ride because they are tired!—they eat to live! * Poor, deluded, unfrenchie, lost muttons! They profess to have little liking for pageants and shows, and yet spectacles are very commonly seen in the streets; but if you tell them of this, the paradoxical pedants declare it to be the greatest evidence of the shortness of sights! These people think so much of liberty, that they even allow the canine race to run freely about the streets from morning till night, which, I believe, is the origin of the saying that every dog has his day, and which makes dog-days so prevalent.

Startling as the fact may appear, a visitor is here a very short time before he discovers that he has been brought to starvation! for beggars are so numerous that you are always coming to, or being overtaken by, want! * * * It is curious to observe the haste displayed by most of the persons you meet, particularly workmen at their twelve-o'clock dinner-hour: they appear to care little for tiring their legs by their speed, though their faces too often betray something of anxiety and doubt about their joints. * * * The whole people are gloomy and sad, and resort much to the gin-shops, which makes me think their melancholy owing, in a measure, to those who have reduced their spirits.

General Obs.—Though every one has heard and read so much about "Life in London," suicides are far more common here than at Battle-bridge—indeed, it is very rarely that

* Astonishing coincidence—the very words of the Baron!

you hear of any one being drowned in the Fleet River, which, as it can hardly be said to run, we will say, walks before my house. All the bridges here, however, Westminster, Blackfriars, Southwark, &c., have their drowning records; but one of them seems to be particularly visited by those who wish to die like heroes—for many a "complete man" has done that at Waterloo which has left but a Bony-part of him in a short time.

Having got to the bridges, I can offer a few observations on the water. This is where you see the superiority of the people. If they do not make much use of their heads when ashore, they know how to use their skulls when afloat. They are like fish; for besides their fondness for the liquid element, most of them (at least in summer) have a row! To see the numbers of boats on the river, you would think it the chief business of their lives, and at once believe that

"There is a tide in the affairs of man,"—

which I ever doubted in my own case till I accompanied the Tomkins's to Richmond. I shall never forget Fred rising from the stream with a strange current of ideas, and * * *

These people have a variety of amusements; yet, unfortunately, most of those dancing-upon-the-point-of-a-needle pastimes so common with us are unknown to them. They sometimes have what they call a Fancy Fair, where there is little or nothing to be seen; but I understand that you must fancy there is, and that is why it is called a Fancy Fair. Their theatres, however, give them a deal of trouble—in talking about them. The late managers of the royal houses have made a sad business of it, and, to use a common expression here, have shewn themselves to be cakes; but, being tired of it, both houses are now to be managed by a Bunn, who, like other buns, may find himself "done brown." I was much puzzled for some time at the outcry raised about the absence of the "higher orders" from the theatres; the reason of which seems to have escaped every previous writer on the subject—though the 2000 reams of paper paid for by the managers last season spoke volumes upon the matter. But I am happy that I can explain the cause of this said absence, after bestowing considerable attention upon it. It is known that the gallery is at the top of the house, the pit at the bottom, and the boxes between the two; consequently, those orders which go into the pit are the lower orders, and those into the boxes the middling orders. But what absurdity for the managers to complain of the absence of higher orders, when they well know that they never give a single slip of paper for the gallery! Thus, then, after all the noise they have made, it must be plainly seen, that the managers themselves have taken the greatest care that none but the middling and lower orders should ever go into the house! The audiences are worthy of remark. You go to see a comedy, and find grave people in the pit. You go to see a tragedy, and the box company are all laughing and talking—though the plan of the house makes them sit in tiers. Indeed, the fights among the folks in the gallery prove them to be the real *box* company. The amusements at these places are of various kinds. Drury Lane and Covent Garden are allowed to perform every description of piece; but, as it would be impossible to bring out all the plays offered to them, they obligingly produce as many as they can, and display at once their judgment and kindness in declining only the least numerous class—the good ones. The minor houses are restricted to burlettas and

mellow-dramas (i. e. old dramas hashed up again); one is famed for horsemanship and rope-dancing—there is, by the by, another place where rope-dancing is executed (in the morning); but it is there confined exclusively to *finished* performers, who for the last time get a drop too much.

The stage has many attractions for young persons, which is not to be wondered at, as they are mostly fond of playing. But it is a too common error with saplings to think that they have only to wish it, to become great actors at once. This was the case with John Gubbins, whose company I enjoyed while here, and whose brief story I will give in his own words:—

I was the son of a grocer, and at a juvenile age acquired a taste for sugar, which gained me the name of a sweet boy; but, as it is our destiny to have no sweets without their bitters, I had mine, for unlawfully indulging this taste, in the shape of a yard of yellow pliable, which instilled into me an early knowledge of the sugar-cane. My father was a sensible man, and paid great attention to my education. I may attribute to him my habit of relating stories, &c., for it was his greatest anxiety to bring me up to *accounts*. Indeed, the rigour with which he kept me to this branch of knowledge so disgusted me, that during my unsophisticated teens I lost all the best of the newspapers; for if I saw "Another Account," it would almost induce me to drop the paper; but when my eye fell upon "Farther Account," I involuntarily turned away, muttering that I had gone quite far enough in accounts. When my father thought he had paid a sufficient sum to my schoolmaster, (the usual way of estimating children's learning,) he took me from the "seminary," requesting to know of Nosey Birch what he thought of my abilities. He replied, that I read and wrote very well, and that I was extremely good at figures. My father was satisfied, and we bade Mr. Birch farewell. As soon as I got home, my father said to me, "Now, John, you must do some *6s. & 4d.*'s directly." I told him I couldn't do them; but he wouldn't believe it, and exclaimed, "John, did your master not say you were extremely good at figures! you must do them immediately—and put the *4d.* small, in the *o* of the *6.*" I set about them, and also did, among others, some "*5s. & 4d.*'s strongly recommended,"—the strength of the recommendation being the only strength belonging to the tea. I speedily became completely sick of this business, and resolved to look out for some other. But my father, discovering this, only kept me the closer to it; and thought making me act behind the counter the best way to counteract my notions. However, I at length became resolute in my determination, and going to the theatre one evening decided my plan. I made a vow that I would devote myself to the stage.

After much trouble (as is usual), I obtained an engagement at one of the minor minors at a salary of 15s. per week, and thought my fortune was made—or at least bespoke. But soon, alas! I discovered my mistake. Out of my "professional income" I had to purchase a black wig with long curls, to wear when I played a robber, or cut-throat; a pair of yellow boots; a chop-knuckle sword, and various other things. If these had been all my difficulties I should not have cared; but, instead of playing heroes,—as I distinctly stated my intention to be when I closed with the manager,—I was obliged to join the dancing squad. I had never learnt to dance, for

my father could not bear to hear it mentioned, as it reminded him of my mother, who died when I was two years old, and who was endowed with an incessant light fantastic toe; indeed, from my father's description of her as one "who did nothing but dance," I always consider that she was my step-mother.

My practising was a severe trial: to stand with one's leg poked out for half an hour, and then to put oneself into a posture to look something like a tea-pot, was paying dearly for learning to be graceful. As this, however, was generally done before dinner, I used to call it grace before meat. But, besides the dancing, there were other rehearsals to attend, which were no less disagreeable. I had to practise a good fall, i. e. falling backwards as stiff as a crutch, which always gave me such a shock that I used to feel as if flattened out like a shot from a steam-gun—my very teeth chatter when I think of it!

At last I grew quite tired of this sort of life, though still an ardent admirer of the drama; but I had now for some time "followed its fortunes"—and seemed likely to follow them, for I saw no prospect of making up with any of them—not even a small one. What was to be done? I had vowed to devote myself to the stage, and could not honourably retract!

While involved in this dilemma, I unexpectedly received news of the death of my aunt Deborah. I found she had left me a little money—a thought flashed upon me! "I can do it," cried I, "and keep to my vow!" I did it, and have now got a good six-inside-and-twelve-outsider. Mine are the best trotting horses on the Putney road, and they bring me in a pretty good living—in fact, I may say that I live entirely upon trotters. I can now generally make sure of box company, and my boots, unlike my theatrical ones, are always paying well for what they cost me. F. B. F.

LITERARY CURIOSITIES. NO. VII.

THE next entry we come to among Lintot's Memoranda, is

Durphy.
May 7, 1709. The Modern Prophets 6 9 0
The Old Mode and ye New.

But we are not aware whether this is the celebrated comic writer of thirty-one plays, honoured by the notice of Charles II. and Queen Anne, and reduced to such payments in his straitened old age. We presume it is the same, as *Durphy* died in 1723.

The next is a rich bit of book-making, and well-paid literature.

Jaake.
Feb. 22, 1736-7. Charters of ye Cinque Ports. By Subscription, one ½ Guinea ye Author, and one ½ Guinea ye Bookseller.

For each copy of course.

In the subjoined we find the elegant translator of *Virgil* and of *Viola* receiving twenty guineas for his own first original publication; and Ozel and Theobald figuring in little.

Pit.
Oct. 13, 1726. His Misc. Poems 21 0 0

Mr. Ozel.
Nov. 18th, 1711. f Translating Homer Ilias, June 4, 1712. f books 1. 2. 3. 10 8 6
Apr. 29, 1719. Translating Moliere 37 12 6
Squire Trelooby.

Mr. Brown.
1st Dec. 1701. Seneca's Morals, 12th sh. 20 0 0
11th Apr. 1718. Modern Cases, ye 8th of a ½ sh. C. 3 0 0
5th May, 1719. A 20th Share in ye Daily Courant 51 5 0
This Share of Courant and my own I had originally, were given up to Mr. Buckler, when the sale of the paper did not pay its expense.

Mr. Theobald.
12th June, 1714. L. Motte's Homer 3 4 0
22d May, 1713. Plato's Phaedon 5 7 6
For *Æschylus's* Trag. being 14 of Ten Guinea 1 1 6

Pope lashes two of the above in the *Dunciad*, as the chosen of the goddess.

Here he has chosen all her works she shews;
Proud swells'd to verse, verse lofting into prose;
How random thoughts now meaning chance to find,
Now leave all memory of sense behind:
How Prologues into Fables decay,
And then to Notes are fritter'd quite away:
How Index-learning turns to student pale,
Yet holds the eel of science by the tail:
How with less reading than makes felons scape,
Less human genius than God gives an ape,
Small thanks to France, and none to Rome or Greece,
A poet, vamp'd, future, old, reviv'd, new piece,
Twist Plautus, Fletcher, Shakespeare, and Cornelle,
Can make a Cibber, Tibbald, or Ozell."

Tibbald, or Theobald, the editor of *Shakespeare*, was an attorney, and author of sundry plays, translations, &c. which seem to have produced him no great profit. He was also concerned in a newspaper called *The Censor*. Ozell's translation of *Homer* appeared before that of Pope, and Lintot had a bad bargain of the first three books, at the enormous price of 10*l.* 8*s.* 6*d.* He was well versed in languages, however, but eaten up with vanity, as appears from his own published advertisement in 1729, in reply to a criticism of Jacobs', in which he ridiculously says:

"As to my learning, this envious wretch knew, and every body knows, that the whole bench of bishops, not long ago, were pleased to give me a *purse of guineas*, for discovering the erroneous translations of the Common Prayer in Portuguese, Spanish, French, Italian, &c. As for my genius, let Mr. Cleland shew better verses in all Pope's works, than Ozell's version of Boileau's *Lutrin*, which the late Lord Halifax was so pleased with, that he complimented him with leave to dedicate it to him, &c. &c. Let him shew better and truer poetry in the *Rape of the Lock*, than in Ozell's *Rape of the Bucket* (*la Secchia rapita*). And Mr. Toland and M. Gildon publicly declared Ozell's translation of *Homer* to be, as it was prior, so likewise superior to Pope's. Surely, surely, every man is free to deserve well of his country!—John Ozell."

Mr. Lintot's share in the *Courant* newspaper is a whimsical entry of buying a loss; which many newspaper speculations are even unto our day.

There follows a long list of parts of copyrights bought by Lintot of Mr. Conyers, bookseller in Little Britain (the Paternoster Row of that age), and which we do not copy, though it might please parties, as describing the legal works then in request. Conyers's receipt for 33*l.* is vouched in, and truly witnessed by John Sprint. The next list of shares purchased from Thos. Ballard, in Little Britain, we transcribe as generally indicating the books in circulation among our ancestors:—

Bought of Mr. Thos. Ballard, in Little Britain, (viz.) a fourth of a half of the several Shares of the underwritten Copies.
Heylin's help to history..... + a 5th
Dr. Wilkins' natural Religion..... + a 3d
Farnaby's Juvenal; Ovid; Seneca; Phrases; Virgil; Terence; Marialis; Lucan; & y^e rest of his pieces..... + a 4th
Cicero's Orations..... + a 4th
Brown's Works (St. Tho.) Fol. + a 4th
Shipton's Pharmacopoeia, 12o. + 386 m 2000
Tryal of y^e Regicides, 8o..... + a 4th
Salmon's Dispensatory..... + a 6th
Doron..... + a 4th
Cases agst y^e Disenters, 3 vol. 8o..... + a 4th
Mother's blessing, 12o..... + a 4th
Ben Johnson's Plays, 6 vol. + a 4th
Sanderson de Juramento..... + an 8th
Lucian's Dialogues, by Du Gard, 12o..... + a 4th
Hooker's Polity, Fol..... + a 4th
Counter Scuffle, 4o; Asize of Bread, 4o..... + a 4th

* His copyrights were in the law books of Bassell, as Ballard's were in his miscellaneous stock.

† One of the most humorous poems in the English language.—Ed. L. G.

Josephus in Eng. Fol. + a 16th
Bacon's Essays..... + a 4th
Schichard's Heb. Grammar..... + a 4th
Cole's Latin Dictionary 12o + In an Imp. of 8000.
Amadis de Gaul, in 11 pt. Chaucer.
Lex Mercatoria.
Knoll's Turkish History.
Bodinus de Republica.
History of the Netherlands.
Travels of y^e Patriarchs.
Goodwin's Annals.
Clelien, a Romance.
Astrea, a Romance.
Voltaire.
Scarron's Novels.
Hales' Picture.
Bacon's Resuscitation.
Id. Herbert's Poems.
Hilkyoke's Dictionary.
Miege's Dictionary, 4o. & 8o.
On every Impression the Author to have 10*s.*
Sheet in each book for re-vising, and one hundred books.
Pharomond, a Romance
Laud's Devotions
Speed's Maps +
Chronicle +
Epitome
Practice of Physick
Hackluyt's Voyages, 5 vol. +
Camden's Britannia, Lat. and Eng.
Spanish Dictionary +
Esop's Fables, Eng.
Stow's Chronicle.
Homer's Ilias, Gr. Lat.
Jewel's Apologie +
Bond's Horace +
Shepherd's Kalender.
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Ovid's Festivals.
Hopkins's Concordance +
Sandy's paraphrase on Job +
Hesiod, Gr. +
Wanly of Wonders +
Verizon's hist. of England
Howe's history of the World +
Boetius de Consolatione +
York's Heraldry.
Selden de Synedr.
Syntagma.
Janus Anglorum.
Brisley's Corderius +
Gramer School +
Cato +
Mch. y^e 2d, 1718.

Rec'd of Bernard Lintot forty-five pounds, for my Share of all the Copies formerly belonging to Mr. Thomas Bassell, deceased, except his Law-Copies, of which I had one-eighth Share.

Tho. Ballard.

We'll Antiq. of Stone Henge, a 4th of a half sold to Mr. Daniel Brown, 1729.

We had intended to finish in this Number, but we keep back a very short finale of various authors, which may occupy a column and a half in our next.

DRAMA.

THE only novelties since our last have been the closing of their season by the English Opera company at the Adelphi, and the production of an altered version of *Inkle and Yarico* at the Victoria.* Mrs. Keeley is seen to great advantage in it; and Williams, from the Adelphi, is added to the strength of the corps, to which his versatile and great talents must prove a very valuable acquisition. We shall seize the leisure moment to say a few words touching the new aspects and general interests of the drama.

From every side we hear great note of pre-

* On the former occasion, last Saturday, Mr. Serle delivered an appropriate address, from which we gathered, with regret, that Mr. Arnold has lost considerably by the season: a strong hope was, however, held out, that he would open his own new theatre in May, where, we trust, he will be rewarded for all he has done to uphold the respectability and advance the character of the English stage. In the latter case the Victoria was, as usual, victorious, and the piece very favourably received.

paration; and the newspapers, agreeably to their various relations and attachments, abound with "the puff preliminary," to an extent which would almost make one believe that all the other interests of the nation were of inferior importance to its theatrical amusements, though the public apathy towards them is also (with apparent inconsistency) loudly proclaimed and largely censured.

A week or ten days ago, Drury Lane and Covent Garden under one lessee; the Adelphi under two, Messrs. Mathews and Yates; the Olympic under Madame Vestris; and the Strand under Mr. J. Russell, were all announced to be opened next Monday and Tuesday; while the Haymarket, the Victoria, and sundry suburban theatres, prolonged their periods of performance, with the extended authority of recent licenses and privileges. But some circumstances have delayed the commencement of the two large houses for, we presume, a short while.

This position of dramatic aspects, and the legislative alterations made and proposed to be made in dramatic property, render the subject, at present, one of more speculative curiosity than it has been during the gradual and inevitable decline of late years. It will be interesting to see whether the changes are calculated to hasten and finish the deterioration; or whether they may tend to revive the credit of our literature and rescue the stage from its profligate degradation. Ruminating on these points previously to taking our ground as critics pledged to fair and honest reports in the new system, we have been amused by the memory of our old *jeu d'esprit*, but so applicable to existing affairs, that we trust a notice of it will be agreeable to our readers and to the friends of the drama. Some of the coincidences are certainly very whimsical.

Above a hundred years ago, the witty concoctors of the memoirs of Martin Scriblerus, and of the art of sinking in poetry, among other of their happy hits, published "*A Project for the Advancement of the Stage*." It is a most satirical exposure of evils under the semblance of eulogy, and what does the public think is the first burlesque article of the plan of 1720?

1. "*It is proposed, that the two theatres be incorporated into one company; that the Royal Academy of Music be added to them as an orchestra; and that Mr. Figg, with his prize-fighters, and Violante with the rope-dancers, be admitted in partnership*"! It is laughable to witness what served as the basis for the ridicule of the wits in the reign of Queen Anne and George I. actually carried into practice a century later, in our boasted era when the schoolmaster is abroad, and intellect is marching and countermarching in every hole and corner. The size of the theatre is next ridiculed by proposing that it should hold "at least ten thousand spectators," and the stage be as capacious as the Athenian, i.e. "near ninety thousand geometrical spaces square"—absurdities from which we are not now far removed. Jesting on, a quadrangle is to be built for the accommodation of decayed critics and poets—"the male players are to be lodged in the garrets of the said quadrangle, and to attend the persons of the poets dwelling under them, by brushing their apparel, drawing on their shoes, and the like. The actresses are to make their beds, and wash their linen." This would be a manifest improvement in the condition of the critics, and we anxiously request the attention of our leading actors and actresses to its speedy adoption. The merits of productions offered for representation are to be

decided by single combat; evidently a much more rational mode than that now in use, of which every author grievously complains. The next point could hardly be considered a change, for it is simply proposed that certain individuals should occupy some conspicuous situation in the theatre, where, after the manner usually practised by composers in music, they may give signs (before settled and agreed upon) of dislike or approbation; in consequence of which the audience shall be required to clap or hiss, that the town may learn certainly when and how far they ought to be pleased.

The 9th article is eminently ludicrous; but to persons who have enjoyed the *entré* behind the scenes at Drury Lane, (for example), during its past expensively moral management, (and not there alone), it will not appear to be so *outré* as to the uninitiated. "To prevent unmarried actresses making away with their infants, a competent provision be allowed for the nurture of them, who shall for that reason be deemed the children of the Society; and that they may be educated according to the genius of their parents, the said actresses shall declare upon oath (as far as their memory will allow) the true names and qualities of their several fathers. A private gentleman's son shall, at the public expense, be brought up a page; a more ample provision shall be made for the son of a poet; and a greater still for the son of a critic!"

These hints are surely worthy of consideration at this new dramatic era, when some of them are already acted upon to the letter, and the imagined follies of a century ago have become the realised wisdom of our day. We have not merely the two great theatres in one, but we have half a score of off-shoots, each diverting a share of the highest histrionic talent from the principal double-stem. What are we to expect from this state of things? Will people pay almost twice the price to see shows, spectacles, and (again, perhaps) the exposed limbs of foreign figurantes, when a minor theatre offers them the attractions of at least half-a-dozen popular performers, and the amusement of light and entertaining pieces? It is evident that the abstractions, which may be hardly adequate to sustain, in any exalted estimation, the representations at these theatres, must yet be sufficient to cripple and injure the companies where their union was the only legitimate tower of strength. Even the separation of good actors, accustomed for years to each other, is a grievous drawback upon the efficacy of the scenic art; and we have found, in better times, a comedy or a tragedy greatly weakened by the removal from it of even a single, and hardly a first-rate, performer. There are, no doubt, a multitude of clever actors; but we question if there be a supply of the right sort for the demand of one-half of the houses now open and about to be opened. And diversified and multiplied calls for novelties must also have the effect of increasing the stage-wright occupation of dramatic writers; so that, if possible, that department of our literature will descend lower in the scale of hasty translation and crude production. The prospect is not cheering; but we shall see.

VARIETIES.

An Old Bird.—In the obituary of the *Monitore Review* is the biography of a swan, called the "Old Swan of Dun," which died at Rosemount at the patriarchal age of about two hundred years. He had committed *cygneticide* upon four young ones brought to him by his mate within the last two years; and fell a martyr to an obstruction of his windpipe, occasioned by

an excrescence composed of grass and tow. We hope to give farther particulars hereafter.

Joseph Haslewood, Esq. died at his house in Conduit Street on the 21st, in his 64th year. Mr. Haslewood was distinguished for his love of ancient literature, and possessed a curious and extensive library. He edited many old works, such as the "Batayle of Flodden Field," "Northern Garlands," "Puttenham's Art of English Poesie," "Treatises of Hawking, Hunting," &c. &c. With subjects of the last-mentioned class he was particularly conversant, and had many rare volumes connected with their illustration. Mr. Haslewood was a member of the Roxburgh Club: for the last twelve months his health had been in a declining state, and he was little seen in that society which he had previously rendered so agreeable by his book knowledge and fund of anecdote. We suppose his library will come under Mr. Evans's hammer, and serve to enrich other eminent collections.

Wonders in Natural History.—A doe rabbit at Dillingham House, Ilminster, hatched five out of seven pheasant's eggs, brought from a nest and placed under with an adopted litter of young from another doe, accidentally slain. The performance of this double parental duty is vouched by the Western *Flying Post*. Henry Park, at Broughton, stuck some peas with loppings from apple-trees, and was surprised to find a fine crop of apples intermingled with the vegetable produce. Pense-soup and apple-dumplings were the result of this union.—*Whitehaven Herald*. A swan in the river Tweed saved the lives of four kittens thrown in to be drowned, by pushing them severally ashore with its bill. A second murder being attempted, it again saved three, the fourth getting entangled in a bush beyond the hope of rescue. The three being a third time devoted, the affronted bird sailed off in disgust. The Humane Society has nevertheless voted a medal.—*Kelso Chronicle*.

The two Authors.—By a mode of printing the announcement, the Victoria Theatre last Thursday advertised "For the benefit of the author, the play of Othello, or the Moor of Venice;" but after the word "author" there should have appeared the words "of the Spare Bed," by which the public would have known that it was for the benefit of that gentleman, and not of Shakespeare, whose only bed in the play could not be spared, as it is so necessary to the smothering of Desdemona.

Aurora Borealis.—The *Dublin Register* and the *Dorset Chronicle* severally contain accounts of a magnificent Aurora Borealis witnessed at these places (Dublin and Weymouth) on Tuesday night and Wednesday morning in last week. The appearances remarked are very different, and shew that the same phenomenon observed from different points varies exceedingly.

Earthquake.—The shock of an earthquake it is stated was experienced around Chichester on Wednesday week. One man was killed by the falling-in of a portion of a chalkpit.

Prescription.

A bender a bending to gain a choice bend
Should bend all his bendings with a dexterous bend;
For if to excess he bends but one bend,
The bend that he bendeth unbendeth the bend.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Among the literary sufferers of the day who feel the hardship of altered times, is, we regret to hear, a daughter of the old dramatist O'Keeffe; whose pensions and annuities all died with him, and whose works do not fall within the scope of the new dramatic bill. As a last resource, the poor lady is publishing a volume of her Father's MS. Poems by subscription, to which every friend of distressed talent must wish success.

The Life of the late Rev. Rowland Hill, A.M., is pro-

paring by the Rev. Edwin Sydney, A.M., of St. John's College, Cambridge, his relative and ward; to whom he bequeathed, to be used at his discretion, all his papers and MSS. These, we are informed, consist of his own journals of his early preaching, and other interesting documents; together with letters from his brother, Sir Richard Hill, and his friends, during his residence at Eton and Cambridge; and later correspondence from Whitfield, Beveridge, Venn, Cowper the poet, Ambrose, Serle, &c. &c.

In the Press.—The Lives of British Architects who have intermarried with Noble Families. By Walter Stubbs, A.M.
Moments of Idleness; or, a Peep into the World which we call *Ours*.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopaedia, Vol. XLVII.; Treatise on the Arts and Manufactures of the Ancients, 12mo. 6s. Select Views of the Lakes of Scotland, by John Fleming, engraved by Swan, No. XLIII., 5s. 6d.; India, 7s. 6d. — Translations of the Oxford and Cambridge Latin Prize Poems, Second Series, 12mo. 1ds. — The London Dispensatory, by Dr. A. T. Thomson, 7th edition, 8vo. 18s. 6d. — Pathological Anatomy illustrated, by Dr. R. Carswell, Part III.; Carcinoma continued, folio, 15s. — The Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal, edited by Professor Jameson, for Oct. 8vo. 7s. 6d. sewed. — The Edinburgh Medical and Surgical Journal, for Oct. 8vo. 6s. sewed. — Reasons for Christianity, 12mo. 7s. 6d. cloth. — Twenty-five Illustrations to the Oriental Annual, proofs, 12s. 2d.; ditto before letters, 3s. 3d. — Insect Histories for Children, 12mo. 5s. cloth. — Memoir of the late Rev. R. Davis, of Walworth, by his Son, 12mo. 5s. cloth. — The Etheringtons, 18th c., 2s. cloth. — The Duchess of Berri in La Vendée, 8vo. 10s. 6d. 1ds. — Templeton's Millwright and Engineer's Pocket-Companion, 2d edition, with App., 12mo. 6s. cloth. — Cruikshank's Facetiae, Vol. III. for 1834, 18mo. 10s. cloth. — Kidd's Picturesque Companion to Tombridge Wells, Hastings, Eastbourne, &c. &c. 18mo. 7s. 6d. cloth. — Brief History of the Soul, by John Hamall, 12mo. 3s. 6d. cloth. — Library of Romance, Vol. VIII.; Walde-mar, a Tale of the Thirty Years' War, by W. B. Harrison, 12mo. 6s. cloth. — Humble's Bible Questions, Part I., 12mo. 2s. cloth. — Edgeworth's Novels and Tales, Vol. XLVIII. (Ormond), completing the work, 12mo. 5s. cloth. — Murat's Italian States, 2d edition, with map, 18mo. 7s. 6d. — Del Mar's Theoretical and Practical Spanish Grammar, 12mo. 6s. 8s. — The Fathers of the Wesley Family, by W. Beal, 12mo. 3s. cloth. — Valpy's Classical Library, Vol. XLVI. (Livy, Vol. I.) 18mo. 4s. 6d. cloth; Shakespeare, Vol. XII. 12mo. 5s. cloth.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1833.

A WELL-WISHER to the progress of meteorology, seeing in the *Literary Gazette* in the "Journal of the Week at Cambridge," the report of what passed there on the subject of that science, is anxious to suggest to the Meteorological Society two means by which they might essentially promote the useful observation of atmospheric phenomena. One is, to publish blank journals, with directions as to what observations are to be made, at what hours, the best position for the instruments, &c. &c. The other is, to get government to make it a part of the duty of the officers at the semaphore stations to keep a journal of the weather. The Meteorological Society should lend the instruments, and be entitled to the journals. A barometer, with thermometer included, and register thermometer for night and day, separate, would be enough to begin with; and when, at the end of the year, the journals came to the Society, it would soon be seen where other instruments might be sent with advantage.

September.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday.. 19	From 41. to 61.	29.67 to 29.98
Friday.... 20 39. to 62.	30.07 .. 30.14
Saturday.. 21 36. to 63.	30.15 .. 30.47
Sunday.... 22 39. to 60.	30.48 .. 30.47
Monday... 23 41. to 65.	29.94 .. 29.63
Tuesday.. 24 44. to 66.	29.70 .. 29.60
Wednesday 25 43. to 64.	29.51 .. 29.60

Wind variable, S.E. prevailing.
Exceed the 21st, generally cloudy; rain on the 19th and 24th.

Rain fallen, .325 of an inch.
Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

Latitude... 51° 37' 32" N.
Longitude... 0 31' W. of Greenwich.

Wind variable, S.E. prevailing.
Except the 21st, generally cloudy; rain on the 19th and 24th.
Rain fallen, .325 of an inch.
Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

Latitude..... 51° 37' 32" N.
Longitude... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

O. W. may be right to a certain extent; but the public is of many tastes, and the dishes he has alluded to have only been small and slight parts of the whole entertainment. Variety is absolutely necessary; for, as the Irishman said of the plum-pudding, "By my soul, a man may eat a great deal of this before he gets hungry!"

We cannot notice a number of communications, &c. received so late as Friday morning.

Mr. Bell's letter to Sir John Soane, on architecture, in our next.

Fred's Lines to his Sister on her Birth-day have not public interest.

We do not remember David and Goliath.

We have never seen the portrait of Mary Queen of Scots mentioned by our correspondent. The neglect is not ours.

ADVERTISEMENT,

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A Monthly Report of the conduct of each Pupil is sent to his Parent or Guardian.

THOMAS COATES, Secretary.

September 1833.

ROYAL INSTITUTION OF GREAT

BRITAIN. September 25, 1833.—The extended and Practical Course of Chemical Lectures and Demonstrations for Medical and General Students, delivered in the Laboratory of this Institution, by Mr. Brande and Mr. Faraday, will commence on Tuesday, the 1st of October, at Nine in the Morning, and be continued on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, at the same hour. Two Courses are to be given during the Season, which terminate in May.

For a Prospectus of the Lectures, and the Terms of Admission, application may be made to the Lecturers, or to Mr. Fincher, at the Royal Institution.

JOSEPH FINCHER, Assistant Secretary.

LITERATURE.—A GENTLEMAN,

who has been connected with the Periodical Press, and is well acquainted with literary occupations, is desirous to engage as Editor, or Sub-Editor, of any Magazine, Newspaper, or other Journal. He would be happy to render his assistance in revising Manuscripts intended for publication, and in superintending their progress through the press; and, from his familiarity with the details of such works, could render his assistance advantageous. Address, post paid, to L. D. 41, Bedford Street, Covent Garden.

TO ADVERTISERS.—Edinburgh Review.

Advertisements for insertion in the Advertising Sheet of No. CXVII., are requested to be sent to Longman and Co., 28, Paternoster Row, by Oct. 3; and Prospectuses, Bills, &c. to be stitched in the Number, a week later.

THE PATENT LEAF-HOLDER.

The principle of inserting useful information at the lowest possible price, and at short intervals, has led to a consideration of the best method of preserving in a regular order the separate copies of the Tracts so published. A common Portfolio will, undoubtedly, secure the numbers of such works as the "Penny Magazine" from injury; but the proper order is liable to be deranged, and they cannot in this form be read together as in a book. An ingenious mechanic has invented a little instrument to be attached to the back of a Portfolio, by which as few as two or three, or as many as forty or fifty sheets, may be held tightly together as if they were bound in a book. This secured opening with as much ease as a sewed book. The compression can be immediately withdrawn, and a number or numbers added or subtracted without the slightest difficulty. The principle is, of course, equally applicable to music, prints, and manuscripts. A patent has been taken out for this invention; and the Portfolio, with leather backs and cloth covers, may now be had of the following sizes, and at the allied retail price.

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Lord Eldon, Thomas Moore, Sir Alexander Johnston, form the contents of Part V. (new edition) of the National Portrait Gallery. Imperial 8vo. 2s. 6d.

The late Jedediah Strutt. The Imperial Magazine for October, price 1s., contains a Portrait and Memoir of Jedediah Strutt, Esq. of Derby. Amongst the varied Anecdotes of the No. will be found, interesting Particulars, Anecdotes of the late venerated Hannah More, (of whom a Portrait and Memoir were given in the January 1833 No.); Notes of a Tour in Albania, &c. &c.

History of Lancashire, by Edward Baines, Esq. Part XXXII. Embellished with Views of Hulme Hall, and the Chapter House, Furness Abbey. London: Fisher, Son, and Co.

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BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

COLBURN'S MODERN NOVELISTS.

The October Number of this cheap and select Library of the best modern Fictions, contains the celebrated Stories, entitled, "High-ways and By-ways," by T. C. Grattan, Esq. In this unique collection have also appeared, Felham, Devereux, and the Towered, by Mr. Bulwer; Tremaine, and De Vere, by Mr. Ward; Granby, by Mr. Lister; and Vivian Grey, by Mr. H. D'Israeli. They are published at a lower price than the Waverley Novels, being only 4s. per volume, bound in morocco cloth. Published for H. Colburn, by R. Bentley, New Burlington Street.

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2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 2680, 2681, 2682, 2683, 2684, 2685, 2686, 2687, 2688, 2689, 2690, 2691, 2692, 2693, 2694, 2695, 2696, 2697, 2698, 2699, 2700, 2701, 2702, 2703, 2704, 2705, 2706, 2707, 2708, 2709, 2710, 2711, 2712, 2713, 2714, 2715, 2716, 2717, 2718, 2719, 2720, 2721, 2722, 2723, 2724, 2725, 2726, 2727, 2728, 2729, 2730, 2731, 2732, 2733, 2734, 2735, 2736, 2737, 2738, 2739, 2740, 2741, 2742, 2743, 2744, 2745, 2746, 2747, 2748, 2749, 2750, 2751, 2752, 2753, 2754, 2755, 2756, 2757, 2758, 2759, 2760, 2761, 2762, 2763, 2764, 2765, 2766, 2767, 2768, 2769, 2770, 2771, 2772, 2773, 2774, 2775, 2776, 2777, 2778, 2779, 2780, 2781, 2782, 2783, 2784, 2785, 2786, 2787, 2788, 2789, 2790, 2791, 2792, 2793, 2794, 2795, 2796, 2797, 2798, 2799, 2800, 2801, 2802, 2803, 2804, 2805, 2806, 2807, 2808, 2809, 2810, 2811, 2812, 2813, 2814, 2815, 2816, 2817, 2818, 2819, 2820, 2821, 2822, 2823, 2824, 2825, 2826, 2827, 2828, 2829, 2830, 2831, 2832, 2833, 2834, 2835, 2836, 2837, 2838, 2839, 2840, 2841, 2842, 2843, 2844, 2845, 2846, 2847, 2848, 2849, 2850, 2851, 2852, 2853, 2854, 2855, 2856, 2857, 2858, 2859, 2860, 2861, 2862, 2863, 2864, 2865, 2866, 2867, 2868, 2869, 2870, 2871, 2872, 2873, 2874, 2875, 2876, 2877, 2878, 2879, 2880, 2881, 2882, 2883, 2884, 2885, 2886, 2887, 2888, 2889, 2890, 2891, 2892, 2893, 2894, 2895, 2896, 2897, 2898, 2899, 2900, 2901, 2902, 2903, 2904, 2905, 2906, 2907, 2908, 2909, 2910, 2911, 2912, 2913, 2914, 2915, 2916, 2917, 2918, 2919, 2920, 2921, 2922, 2923, 2924, 2925, 2926, 2927, 2928, 2929, 2930, 2931, 2932, 2933, 2934, 2935, 2936, 2937, 2938, 2939, 2940, 2941, 2942, 2943, 2944, 2945, 2946, 2947, 2948, 2949, 2950, 2951, 2952, 2953, 2954, 2955, 2956, 2957, 2958, 2959, 2960, 2961, 2962, 2963, 2964, 2965, 2966, 2967, 2968, 2969, 2970, 2971, 2972, 2973, 2974, 2975, 2976, 2977, 2978, 2979, 2980, 2981, 2982, 2983, 2984, 2985, 2986, 2987, 2988, 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3155, 3156, 3157, 3158, 3159, 3160, 3161, 3162, 3163, 3164, 3165, 3166, 3167, 3168, 3169, 3170, 3171, 3172, 3173, 3174, 3175, 3176, 3177, 3178, 3179, 3180, 3181, 3182, 3183, 3184, 3185, 3186, 3187, 3188, 3189, 3190, 3191, 3192, 3193, 3194, 3195, 3196, 3197, 3198, 3199, 3200, 3201, 3202, 3203, 3204, 3205, 3206, 3207, 3208, 3209, 3210, 3211, 3212, 3213, 3214, 3215, 3216, 3217, 3218, 3219, 3220, 3221, 3222, 3223, 3224, 3225, 3226, 3227, 3228, 3229, 3230, 3231, 3232, 3233, 3234, 3235, 3236, 3237, 3238, 3239, 3240, 3241, 3242, 3243, 3244, 3245, 3246, 3247, 3248, 3249, 3250, 3251, 3252, 3253, 3254, 3255, 3256, 3257, 3258, 3259, 3260, 3261, 3262, 3263, 3264, 3265, 3266, 3267, 3268, 3269, 3270, 3271, 3272, 3273, 3274, 3275, 3276, 3277, 3278, 3279, 3280, 3281, 3282, 3283, 3284, 3285, 3286, 3287, 3288, 3289, 3290, 3291, 3292, 3293, 3294, 3295, 3296, 3297, 3298, 3299, 3300, 3301, 3302, 3303, 3304, 3305, 3306, 3307, 3308, 3309, 3310, 3311, 3312, 3313, 3314, 3315, 3316, 3317, 3318, 3319, 3320, 3321, 3322, 3323, 3324, 3325, 3326, 3327, 3328, 3329, 3330, 3331, 3332, 3333, 3334, 3335, 3336, 3337, 3338, 3339, 3340, 3341, 3342, 3343, 3344, 3345, 3346, 3347, 3348, 3349, 3350, 3351, 3352, 3353, 3354, 3355, 3356, 3357, 3358, 3359, 3360, 3361, 3362, 3363, 3364, 3365, 3366, 3367, 3368, 3369, 3370, 3371, 3372, 3373, 3374, 3375, 3376, 3377, 3378, 3379, 3380, 3381, 3382, 3383, 3384, 3385, 3386, 3387, 3388, 3389, 3390, 3391, 3392, 3393, 3394, 3395, 3396, 3397, 3398, 3399, 3400, 3401, 3402, 3403, 3404, 3405, 3406, 3407, 3408, 3409, 3410, 3411, 3412, 3413, 3414, 3415, 3416, 3417, 3418, 3419, 3420, 3421, 3422, 3423, 3424, 3425, 3426, 3427, 3428, 3429, 3430, 3431, 3432, 3433, 3434, 3435, 3436, 3437, 3438, 3439, 3440, 3441, 3442, 3443, 3444, 3445, 3446, 3447, 3448, 3449, 3450, 3451, 3452, 3453, 3454, 3455, 3456, 3457, 3458, 3459, 3460, 3461, 3462, 3463, 3464, 3465, 3466, 3467, 3468, 3469, 3470, 3471, 3472, 3473, 3474, 3475, 3476, 3477, 3478, 3479, 3480, 3481, 3482, 3483, 3484, 3485, 3486, 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3653, 3654, 3655, 3656, 3657, 3658, 3659, 3660, 3661, 3662, 3663, 3664, 3665, 3666, 3667, 3668, 3669, 3670, 3671, 3672, 3673, 3674, 3675, 3676, 3677, 3678, 3679, 3680, 3681, 3682, 3683, 3684, 3685, 3686, 3687, 3688, 3689, 3690, 3691, 3692, 3693, 3694, 3695, 3696, 3697, 3698, 3699, 3700, 3701, 3702, 3703, 3704, 3705, 3706, 3707, 3708, 3709, 3710, 3711, 3712, 3713, 3714, 3715, 3716, 3717, 3718, 3719, 3720, 3721, 3722, 3723, 3724, 3725, 3726, 3727, 3728, 3729, 3730, 3731, 3732, 3733, 3734, 3735, 3736, 3737, 3738, 3739, 3740, 3741, 3742, 3743, 3744, 3745, 3746, 3747, 3748, 3749, 3750, 3751, 3752, 3753, 3754, 3755, 3756, 3757, 3758, 3759, 3760, 3761, 3762, 3763, 3764, 3765, 3766, 3767, 3768, 3769, 3770, 3771, 3772, 3773, 3774, 3775, 3776, 3777, 3778, 3779, 3780, 3781, 3782, 3783, 3784, 3785, 3786, 3787, 3788, 3789, 3790, 3791, 3792, 3793, 3794, 3795, 3796, 3797, 3798, 3799, 3800, 3801, 3